

EXPIRATORS WITH
BOOTH

DRAWER 15

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TRIAL + REMOVAL

The Assassination of Abraham Lincoln

The Conspirators

Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

OFFICE, ACT. ASS'T PRO.-MAR.-GEN'L,
EASTERN DIVISION, PENNSYLVANIA,

Philadelphia, April 15th 1864.

Washington April 15th 1865 2.40 P.M.

Major J. Hayken A. D. P. M. G.

The following is a description of
the assassin of the Hon W. H. Seward Secy
of State and Hon Frederick W. Seward
Aft Secy. You will use every exertion
in your power, and call to your aid the
entire force under your control, to secure
the arrest of the assassin.

Height six and one twelfth ($6\frac{1}{12}$) feet.
Hair black, thick and full, and straight.

No beard nor appearance of beard - cheeks
red on the jaws - Face moderately full -
Twenty two (22) or twenty three (23) years
of age - Eyes, color not known - large eyes,
not prominent - Brows not heavy, but
dark - Face not large but rather round.

complexion healthy - nose straight and well formed, medium size - Mouth small, - lips thin - upper lip protrudes when he talked - chin pointed and prominent - Head of medium size - neck short & of medium length - Hands soft, small, and fringed tapering, - showed no signs of hard labor - broad shouldered and taper waist - straight figure - strong looking man - manners not gentlemanly but vulgar - overcoat double breasted - collar mixed of pink & grey spots, small - was a sack overcoat - pockets in side and one on breast with lappels or flaps - pants black - common stuff, new heavy boots - voice small and thin, & inclined to tenor.

(Signed) M. L. Jeffries

Bob R. Kent

W. T. Kent

Official copy furnished for information
of Capt W. E. Lehman R. M. 1st
Dist R.

William Stone

Capt 7th V. R. C.

Suspect

OFFICE, ACT. ASS'T PRO.-MAR.-GEN'L,

EASTERN DIVISION, PENNSYLVANIA,

"Strictly Confidential" Philadelphia, April 5th 1865

Capt. Wm. E. Lehman

Provost Marshal 1st Dist.
Captain,

I am directed to inform you that the
Provost Marshal General orders the arrest of Matt.
W. Canning, Agent for Victorio the actress and that
he be sent to Washington under close guard. He is
supposed to be found at the Walnut St. Theatre. Phila.
He is implicated with the assassination of the President
and Secretary of State. Great care will be taken
that he does not escape.

Very Respectfully
William Stone

Capt. y. V. R. C.

A. A. T. Gen. & Inspector,

OFFICE, ACT. ASS'T PRO.-MAR.-GEN'L,
EASTERN DIVISION, PENNSYLVANIA,

Philadelphia, April 15th 1865

Washington. D.C. April 15th 1865.

Major J. Hayden,
S. A. P. M. G. Phila.

Arrest - D. Mikes Brook the murdered
of the President where ever he may be found
and send him here in Irons.

(signed) M. L. Jeffries
Post. Brig. Gen. & Actg. P. M. G.

Official
William Stone

Captain J. V. R. C. D. A. A. A. Genl.
E. D. of Penna

Office A. A. Pro. Mar. General.

Eastern Div. Penna.

Philada. Apl. 15: 1855.

Captain Wm E. Lehman.

Pro. Mar. 1st Dist.

Captain:

The A. A. P. M. Genl directs
that should succeed in arresting this man that
you inform this office at once that a suitable
military Guard may be provided for conducting
him to Washington, D.C.

Very Respectfully
William Stone

Captain V. R. C. A. S. A. Genl.
E. D. of Pa.

HARROLD, the companion of J. Wilkes Booth, when he was discovered, is a young man, and has been employed in an apothecary store at Washington. For sometime before the murder he was an intimate friend of Booth, and he is known to have assisted him on the fatal evening. A reward of \$25,000 was offered for his arrest.

DAY, APRIL 28, 1865.

THIRD EDITION.

BY TELEGRAPH

TO THE

BOSTON DAILY EVENING TRANSCRIPT.

CONFESSION OF HARROLD THE ASSASSIN.

LEADING REBELS INVOLVED IN THE CONSPIRACY.

REPORTS FROM JOHNSTON.

[Special Despatch to the Boston Transcript.]

WASHINGTON, April 28.

There is now but one of the principal tools of the conspiracy at large. His name is Surratt.

Harrold's confession unravels much that was heretofore a mystery. It shows that leading rebels in Richmond, Canada, Washington, and Maryland were privy to the conspiracy.

The disposition of Booth's body has been decided upon, but for prudential reasons will not be made public at present.

Reports have reached here today, that when Gen. Grant announced the disapproval by the Government of the terms agreed to by Gen. Sherman, Johnston proposed to accept Gen. Grant's terms.

The rebels are undoubtedly willing to accept almost any conditions.

KAPPA.

PAYNE THE ASSASSIN. The Louisville Union Press has a description of Payne, who attempted the assassination of Secretary Seward. The account is evidently from the pen of one who is intimately acquainted with the history. He says:

Payne is a Kentuckian, the family having lived about Uniontown, but is one of a family of six brothers, four of whom were notorious desperadoes of the most demoniac character, who took to the rebellion as naturally as ducks take to water. While the rebels occupied Hopkinsville, Ky., one of the brothers murdered a brother rebel named Brooks, and if the people of Hopkinsville had been called upon to vote a choice as to which of the twain should be killed by the other, the choice would have been one of embarrassment. There would have been a unanimous vote among the loyal people in favor of a Killkenny cat affair of it. Payne had to fly from the rebel command. The brothers are known to many persons here in connection with the celebrated gold seizure by General Snackleford, while colonel of a Kentucky regiment. The Paynes, while operating with the Confederacy, concluded to try their hand at depredating on that concern. They got up a good counterfeit of the Confederate money, which they traded to a Georgia banker for sterling hills.

After the Paynes got away with their plunder, the banker discovered the character of the Confederate money, and made an arrangement with a Mr. Lee a loyal East Tennessean, for the recovery of the money. He got upon the track of the counterfeiters and discovered that nearly all the money had been placed in the custody of one man. Lee made arrangements with the custodian, by which the money was surrendered for a consideration. While on his way South with this, Colonel Shackelford, who exhibited throughout his career in Southwestern Kentucky, remarkable powers in tracking all kinds of contraband operations, got on the scent of the gold for which the sterling hills had been exchanged, and seized it and effectually estopped the transmigration of the treasure to Georgia. The case was tried in the United States court in this city, and the money was confiscated. But Secretary Chase very properly remitted a portion of it to Mr. Lee, in consideration of the fact that but for his agency in the business, the United States authorities might never have heard of the property.

The Confederacy got hold of one of the Paynes and hung him for his counterfeiting transaction. This, of itself, shows how utterly depraved must have been the character of Payne, because, when a man got to be so bad that the Confederacy had no further use for him but to hang him, there is but one other place that has ever been heard of that could be supposed a fit receptacle for him, though we are far from asserting positively that that would be a suitable home for him unless he was subjected to solitary confinement.

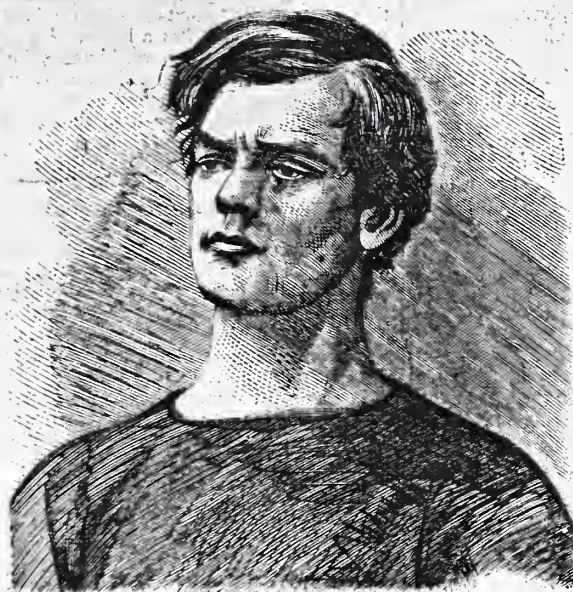
Some of the rest of this precious family went to Texas and bought a large drove of cattle with some of this counterfeit money, and drove the cattle to Vicksburg and sold them. One of this twain was the one who was hung at Natchez.

The assassin Payne probably found the Confederacy too hot for him, and when these train-hand captains C. C. Clay, Jake Thompson, Beverly Tucker, George N. Sanders, Cleary, and the rest of the commissioners of Jeff. Davis, in Canada, were organizing a scheme of assassination, they were probably embarrassed with their riches in suitable material.

The reader will remember that when these precious scoundrels, Jake Thompson, C. C. Clay, George N. Sanders, and the rest of Davis's gang, were organizing devastations upon Detroit, the two Paynes were chosen instruments. The gang were companions, as of congeniality they should have been, in Canada, a colony of the "Southern Confederacy," the palladium of Southern treason, where crimes of rebels are held to even less accountability than in the home of the treason. Payne was selected by the Canadian plotters as a trusty tool in the devilment of assassination. These facts are conclusive as to the complicity of the Confederate demons in Canada in the conspiracy for assassination.

5/23/65

W. C. Cleary, the clerk of Clement C. Clay, who is charged in the proclamation of the President with being concerned in procuring the murder of President Lincoln, denies the charge, in a Canada paper.



LEWIS PAYNE.



DAVID HAROLD.



J. W. ATZEROTT.

Hankins July 26 '65

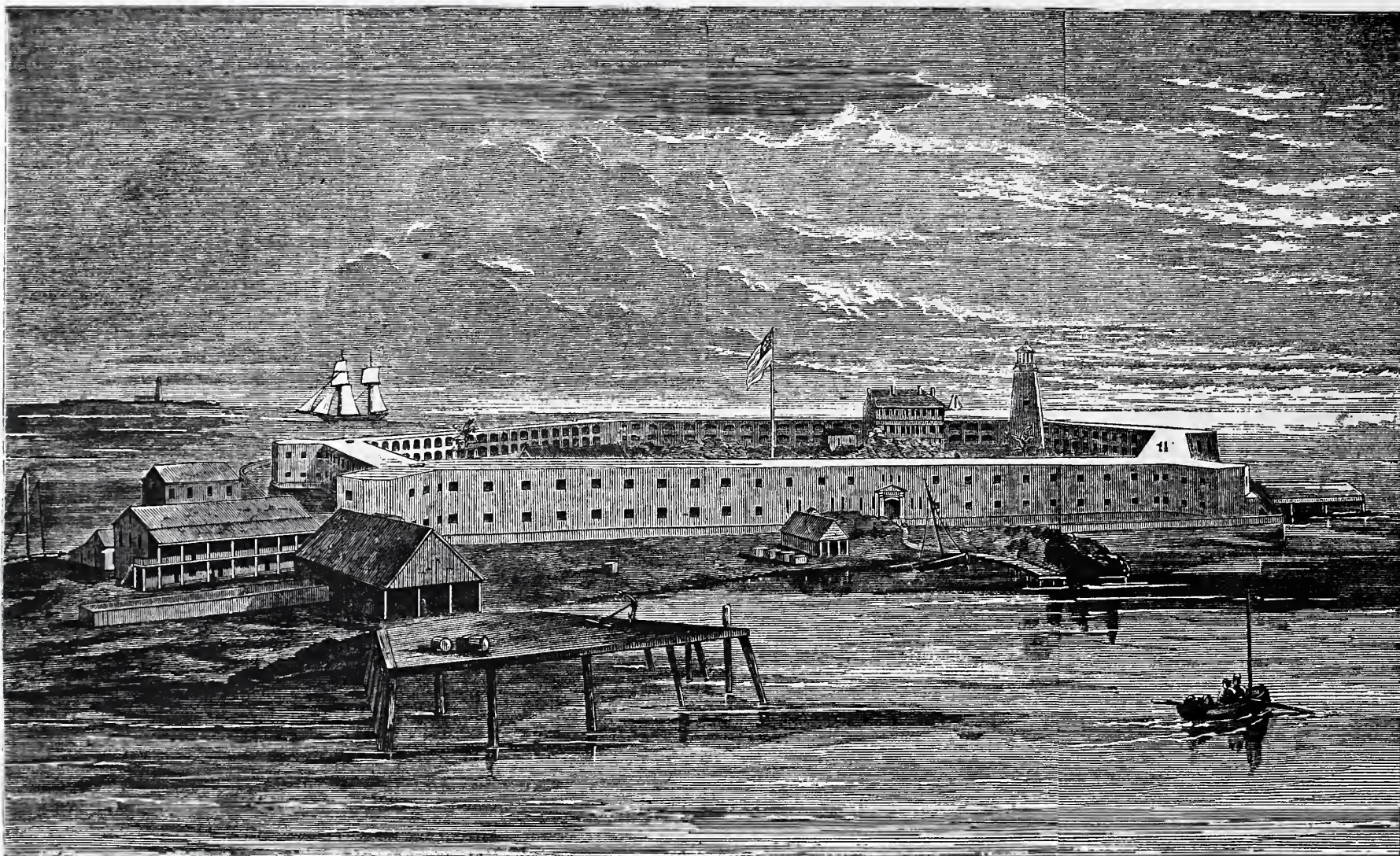
THE ASSASSINS AT FORT JEFFERSON.

THOSE of the assassins concerned in the murder of President LINCOLN who were condemned to imprisonment arrived at Dry Tortugas in the United States steamer *Florida* on the 25th of July. The prisoners when they went on board the *Florida* were ignorant of the altered destination of their journey, still supposing that they were to be confined in the Penitentiary at Albany. They expressed great disappointment at the change, but it is not unlikely that their confinement at Tortugas will be far more pleasant than would their incarceration at Albany.

Fort Jefferson extends over an area of about seven acres, and its guns command the inner harbor. This fort will during the greater part of the time be the prisoners' place of confinement. There are now five hundred and fifty persons confined here, mostly for political offenses. The island on which the fort is situated is thirteen acres in extent, and is barren and covered with sand, without any vegetation. The One Hundred and Tenth New York performs garrison duty, and Colonel HAMILTON at the head of that regiment is commandant of the fort.

The prisoners acknowledged the justice of the sentence which condemned them to punishment, and although they claim that much of the evidence was malicious and false, they consider that, so far as the Government was concerned, they had a perfectly fair trial. It is most certain that in the infliction of its penalties against them the Government treats them far better than they deserve. Dr. MUDD, it is reported, is to act as assistant-surgeon in the fort. ARNOLD is to be made a clerk among the prisoners, and SPANGLER is to return to his trade as a carpenter. SPANGLER, it will be remembered, is the only one of the four who is not imprisoned for life. His term will be completed in six years. Thus begins the last chapter in the history of the assassination.

1 - 2nd - 65



FORT JEFFERSON, ON THE TORTUGAS, THE PLACE OF CONFINEMENT OF THE ASSASSINS.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

Curran

The Case of Sanford Conover.

1867 Washington, Aug. 9. Asst. Atty. Gen. Binckley has furnished the president with an opinion in reference to the application for a pardon to Chas. Dunham alias Sanford Conover, which is recommended by A. Riddle and Joseph Holt on account of services rendered to the prosecution in the trial of Surratt, which was evidently inspired by Mr. Ashley. Mr. Binckley gives the public also a long letter, addressed subsequent to July 29th, to the president by Dunham, in which he reveals an alleged plot on the part of Messrs. Ashley, Butler and others to implicate the president in the plot for the assassination of Mr. Lincoln which he says is capable of proof by the last irrefragible evidence. He says Mr. Ashley explained the kind of evidence he thought most advisable to present viz: That both had on several occasions paid familiar visits to Mr. Johnson at the Kirkwood house, that Mr. Johnson corresponded with Booth; that the placing of Aizerodi at the Kirkwood house was only a sham although Aizerodi was not aware of it, to make it appear that Mr. Johnson was intended as a victim, and and thus divert all suspicion from Mr. Johnson as conniving at Mr. Lincoln's murder; that Booth stated that on March 4 to an intimate friend in New York whom he had endeavored to enlist in the conspiracy that he was acting with the knowledge of the vice president, and that it had been arranged to kill Mr. Lincoln on the day of the inauguration which could account for Johnson's strange conduct on that occasion, and that Mr. Johnson expected the tragedy to be enacted then and had taken several potions to compose and nerve him for the event. Dunham says he assured Mr. Ashley that he would have no difficulty in finding persons of good standing and moral character to prove these matters, and that it was agreed he should do so as soon as released.

Messrs. Ashley and Butler pressed him to send for two or three persons of intelligence, which was done, but, Dunham being in jail, it was found necessary for some one else to act as their protector, which was done, with slight hesitation, by Mr. Ashley, on Dunham's assurance that the parties were radicals dyed in the wool, and men of honor, in whom he could safely repose confidence. The statements that were directed to make were revised and corrected by Mr. Ashley, and they were assured by him that in case it should be determined to examine them before the committee, they should be splendidly rewarded. Subsequently the party was presented to Butler, and introduced by him to Mr. Ashley and several radical members.

Several papers accompanied the foregoing, including statements about the visit of a Mr. Allen to Richmond for Mr. Johnson, through, or in connection with Booth and several letters from Ashley to Dunham.

Historic Ammunition Unearthed.

WASHINGTON, D. C., September 17.—When President Lincoln was assassinated more than a few people in this city were suspected of complicity in the plotting which led to the deed for which Booth, Harrold, Payne, Atzerodt and Mrs. Surratt suffered death. In some cases the suspicion was well defined, but there was a lack of such testimony as would convict, so several persons escaped punishment. Incriminating evidence existed, but in many cases was buried or destroyed. There seems to be an impression that some of it was uncovered this morning. F. D. Evans, who is in the excavating business, had a force of men engaged in digging up the yard in front of No. 816 New Jersey avenue. Some distance beneath the surface they came upon what was once a tin box, and inside of it was ninety-six cartridges. The ammunition was 50-caliber, solid head, some for the carbine and some for the infantry rifle. Rust had eaten into and softened the shells so much that they could be cut with a knife. The powder that oozed through the incisions made was wet and slimy. Mr. Evans, who seems to have known something of the folks that lived at the house in 1865, appears to be satisfied that the cartridges were hidden at that time by persons who were willing and ready to do anything which would aid the rebel cause. 1872

SEWARD AND PAYNE.—At the time that Payne entered the Secretary's chamber, after the scuffle in the hall-way with his son, Mr. Frederick Seward, he was lying upon his side close to the edge of his bed, with his head resting in a frame, which had been made to give him ease, and protect his broken jaw from pressure. He was trying to keep awake, having been siezed with a sick man's fancy; it was that if he slept he would waken up with the lockjaw.

He was brought to full consciousness by the scuffle in the passageway, followed by the entrance of the assassin and the cry of Miss Seward—"Oh, he will kill my father!"—but he saw nothing of his assailant until a hand appeared above his face, and then his thought was, "What handsome cloth that overcoat is made of." The assassin's face then appeared, and the helpless statesman only thought "What a handsome man." Then came a sensation as of rain striking him smartly upon one side of his face and neck, then quickly the same upon the other side, but he felt no severe pain. This was the assassin's knife. The blood spouted. He thought "My time has come," and falling from the bed to the floor, fainted. His first sensation of returning consciousness was that he was drinking tea, and it "tasted good." Mrs. Seward was giving him the tea with a spoon. He heard low voices around him asking and replying as to whether it would be possible for him to recover. He could not speak, but his eyes showed his consciousness, and that he desired to speak. They then brought him a porcelain tablet, on which he managed to write: "Give me some more tea. I shall get well." And from that moment he slowly but steadily recovered his health and strength. 1872

LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION.

Dying Convict Claims to Have Participated in the Plot.

Frankfort, Ky., May 10.—Bob Farrell, sent up ten years ago for the murder of Thomas Calvert, a wealthy and prominent Mason county man, is fatally ill at the penitentiary. Farrell is a Canadian and says he was at Washington when Lincoln was assassinated. He claims to have been in the plot to assassinate the day before Booth committed the deed. It was arranged to shoot the president in his carriage, says Farrell, but he did not go out that evening, and before another opportunity was presented the assassination occurred at Booth's hands. Farrell says he remained at Washington and took a deep interest in the trial of the confederates of Booth, but was never suspected or implicated in the plot. He came to this state and lived at Maysville, where he was known as a horse jockey when he killed Calvert.

Claim for Damages Because of Arrest and Harsh Treatment.

WASHINGTON, July 12.—Congressman Lawler, of Chicago, filed a voluminous petition in the House to-day for John George Ryan, a resident of the Windy City, who makes a claim for \$100,000 for injury to his health in 1865 caused by harsh treatment by the Federal military officials while under arrest upon the supposition that he was John H. Surratt, one of the conspirators who was implicated in the assassination of President Lincoln. According to the petitioner's story he was a Confederate soldier on parole at Memphis, Tennessee, when he was suddenly arrested and taken to a blacksmith shop, heavily manacled and started rapidly for Washington City ironed to a Union soldier, who acted as his guard. He could get no information as to why he was put under arrest, and did not know himself until he arrived at Harrisburg, Penn., where his heavily manacled condition attracted considerable attention, as it did all along the route from Memphis to Washington. An evening paper published the statement that he was John H. Surratt. He says he narrowly escaped lynching, and recites a blood-curdling story of the harsh treatment he received in the old Capitol prison in this city, and a narrow escape from being shot by a guard, who killed another prisoner in his stead. How, after it was discovered he was not Surratt, he was returned to Memphis, still wearing the heavy irons, and finally how they were removed by order of General Slocum. Ryan is said to be newspaper correspondent and is now living in Chicago.

The Bee Holmes Register

A Lesson in History.

Knoxville, Ia.—To the Editor: A Register article states that John Troutner of Charles City was present at Ford's theater at the time of Lincoln's assassination; that he was a guard at the trial of the conspirators and later was one of the company that fired the shot that executed the assassin.

Mr. Troutner is not mentioned in the United States official history of the pursuit and death of Booth. The men directly responsible for Booth's death were in a detail under Lieutenants Conger and Baker. Booth was not tried and executed by a court martial as your article would suggest, consequently Mr. Troutner had nothing to do with such a trial.

The assassin was killed at 3:15 Wednesday morning, April 26, 1865, while hiding in Garrett's tobacco house. The man who fired the shot was Borton Corbett.

There were only thirty-four men in the detail that captured—killed—Booth. The government reward paid to these men was \$75,000. Detectives and officers received sums varying from \$15,000 to \$2,000. The sum of \$43,000 was divided equally among the twenty-six non-coms and men. John W. Wright.

Death of Lincoln Plotters Shown

By International News.

Baltimore, Md., May 1.—Another stirring aftermath of the Civil War was recalled here recently when the Baltimore News reproduced what is believed to be the only picture of the execution of four persons who were convicted of conspiring in the plot to assassinate President Lincoln.

The victims were Mrs. Mary Surratt, Lewis Payne, David Herold and George Adzerott, alleged conspirators with John Wilkes Booth, the actor, who actually fired the shot which snuffed out the life of the Great Emancipator.

All four were hanged simultaneously in the yard of the old Arsenal at Wash-

ington in July, 1865. The picture plainly shows the bodies of the four victims hanging from the scaffold, while beneath yawn the four graves which had been dug to receive them.

A crowd of onlookers, composed of citizens and soldiers, are shown standing in the yard, some with umbrellas raised.

The picture was given to the paper for reprinting by J. Guy Harbison, of Baltimore, who received it from his father, William J. Harbison. The elder Harbison attended the hanging in his capacity of Sergeant in Company H, First Regiment, United States Veteran Volunteers.

Sergeant Harbison, according to his son, happened to glance about just as the trap was sprung and saw a photographer taking a picture of the scene.

During his lifetime, Sergeant Harbison steadfastly refused to surrender the picture to historians, biographers and others who sought it. On his deathbed, however, he gave permission to have it published.

On Wednesday, April 15, will occur the twentieth anniversary of the death of Lincoln. On that day will be held in Springfield, Illinois, memorial services of a most fitting and distinguished character. A general invitation has been extended to the national guards and uniformed militia, with or without arms to enter Illinois for the purpose of participating in these services.—1885.

Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, who died yesterday in Maryland, dressed the fractured leg of John Wilkes Booth, after the assassination of Lincoln, for which he was sent for life to the Dry Tortugas, but was pardoned by Andrew Johnson.—Jan. 13, 1883.

The house building committee authorized the expenditure of \$12,000 to buy the house in which Lincoln died.—Jan. 16, 1883.

HOWARD'S OLD-TIME MEMORIES.

The Figure Cut in Brooklyn and New York Twenty-Five Years Ago by the Alleged "Jack the Ripper"—J. Wilkes Booth's Friend Harold.

Special to the Chicago Daily News.

NEW YORK, Nov. 30.—Coincidences are interesting and suggestive. The temporary arrest of Dr. Tumbletey in London on the absurd suspicion that he might be "Jack the Ripper," whose monumental success in depopulating the female population of Whitechapel is one of the horrors of the nineteenth century, the meeting of Edwin Booth upon the street, and an unexpected discovery of a long-forgotten picture of John Wilkes Booth, brought to my mind a string of memories concerning matters of general interest. Dr. Tumbletey, between 1860 and 1864, was as well known on the streets of Brooklyn, where he posed as an Indian herb doctor, as he subsequently was in the corridors of the Fifth Avenue hotel, where he paraded as an Englishman of wealth and a physician of marked pretensions. Oddly enough, when in Brooklyn his companion was one who subsequently participated in the assassination of President Lincoln to so marked an extent that he formed subsequently one of the quartet that swung from the gallows tree, and when in New York he shared general attention and observation in the corridors of the Fifth Avenue hotel with Charles Guiteau, subsequently the assassin of President Garfield, for which infamy he, too, blossomed upon the scaffold, affording a spectacle to several hundred brutal, miscegenated men as unique and picturesque as it was revolting and disagreeable. His name as printed in the newspapers of to-day is not what it was.

He Was Called Tumbletey.

He is now called Tumbletey; he was then called Tumbletey. He stood very high, not less than six feet four, and was an extremely well-built, though homely featured, man. His face was very red, and his mustache dyed a jet black. Sometimes he rode, but as a general thing he strode through the streets, attended by a huge mastiff. I knew him very well, saw him frequently in the office of the Brooklyn Eagle, and believed him then, as I believe him now, simply a quack, utilizing a limited acquaintance with herbs as specifics for the removal of pimples. He had at one time a very large following in Brooklyn, but played himself out after, perhaps, six months' residence there, during which time he had an office on Fulton street, between Clarke and Pineapple streets. I was very much interested at the time in a young gentleman who was with him a great deal—a pale-faced, large-eyed, poetical-looking boy, who seemed a compromise between friend, companion, and servant to the doctor. He was always with him, at in his office, attended him on his rounds, went to the theater with him, and seemed perfectly bound up in his interest.

One of Booth's Accomplices.

You remember, doubtless, that when Booth's assassination of Lincoln put the nation in a tremble, among his companions was a youth named Harold.

Reference to data, made at the time of the search for Booth and his companions, shows that Harold was "a lad of inane and plastic character, carried away by the example of an actor, and full of execrable quotations, going to show that he was an imitator of the master-spirit both in text and admiration." This fits Harold to a nicety. As he was with Dr. Tumbletey in Brooklyn, so he was with Booth in Washington. He was a gunner, and therefore versed in the use of arms. He had shot over the whole lower portion of Maryland, and was, therefore, a geographer as well as a tool. After Booth had fired the fatal shot and had broken his leg in his leap from the box to the stage, he found his way to the alley, where Harold, true to his partiality, waited for him, and, as the issue developed, of all the conspirators engaged, alone stood by the inspirer and perfecter of the work. It was Harold who rode with Booth to Surrattsville and shared a bottle of whisky, there obtained, with his chief. It was he who knew Dr. Mudd, who for \$25 in greenbacks set Booth's broken leg. It was he who rowed Booth across the Potomac in a little skiff. It was he who kept watch in the swamp, sharing with ser-

pents and lizards and coons and muskrats the treacherous clay of that miasmatic and malarious wilderness, while the object of his admiration, his hero of the hour, rested from pain and sought relief in sleep. This same pale-faced boy, who followed in the footsteps of the pimple doctor through the peaceful streets of the City of Churches, was the same youth who nursed the assassin of Lincoln in John Garrett's barn in Caroline county, Maryland.

Memories of the Past.

How the past comes before us. See the barn. Near it a haystack. Just beyond, the farmhouse with its frightened women and children peering from the doorway. See the group of cowardly cavalry, every one, according to his own confession, from the commander down to the wretch who fired through the crevice, apprehensive of assault and fearful to make an approach for arrest. Demand after demand was made upon Booth and Harold—first, that they should give up their arms, and, second, that they should surrender their persons. The minutes stretched into quarters and quarters into an hour, while the dialogue went on. Defiance was thrust at the soldiers from the lips of the assassin; oaths and threats were returned by the men too cowardly to enter. Harold's nerves got the better of him, and a heated altercation followed, when Booth closed his remonstrance with a final "Get away from me, you are a d—d coward and mean to leave me in my distress, but go, go. I don't want you to stay. I wouldn't have you stay." Worked to a point of nervous tension utterly beyond self-control, Harold rattled the door and said: "Let me out, open the door, I want to surrender." Thrusting his hands out to be handcuffed, Harold was seized roughly and jerked into the night, gagged and bound to a tree, while Booth made his last appeal and in a clear, unbroken voice shouted: "Captain, give me a chance. Draw off your men and I will fight them singly. I could have killed you six times to-night, but I believe you to be a brave man and would not murder you. Give a lame man a show."

Boston Corbett's Shot at Booth.

It was too late. One of the men set fire to the barn, revealing, in clean-cut outline, the upright figure of the man they sought, when, without command, without excuse, carried away by the excitement of the moment, an undisciplined soldier, one Boston Corbett, drew bead upon him and fired the shot which started the flowing of his life-blood and cheated the gallows of its most conspicuous fruitage. Like all fanatics, these soldiers, utterly undisciplined, took the lad Harold, put him astride a horse, manacled his hands, tied his legs underneath the horse's belly, and started for Washington. It is no part of my purpose to tell the story. Suffice it that circumstantial evidence enough to justify his execution was produced, and Harold on a brutal day in summer, the heat beating pitilessly upon him, cried himself sick, as led to the scaffold he trembled. No hero present to sustain him, no patting on the head, no clean-cut grasp of comrade's hand; nothing but four stone walls, three bound companions, a dangling rope, and a certainty of instant death before him showed how completely a shadow, a reflex, an echo, he had been in other days, following as dogs do their master, and with equal fidelity, this year a Tumbletey, next year a Booth; this year a charlatan, next year an assassin.

Tumbletey a Nobody in New York.

New York is a great city.

And here, as in all great cities, men conspicuous, prominent elsewhere, sink to the dead level of nonentity, and are like specks in the air or drops in the current; so Tumbletey, who was as well known on the streets of Brooklyn as Beecher or Talmage or Storrs or Lehenck, found himself, so far as general recognition goes, a nobody over here. The great generals, the wonderful editors, the marvelous diplomats from the east or the west or the south, whose mighty brain solved wonderful problems elsewhere, swelling to such extent that their native hamlets cannot contain them, come to New York, expecting, at the very least, to set the North river afire, and are amazed to find that, while they are greeted courteously, life goes on just the same. If they remain, all right; if they sulk, all right; if they depart, all right. Individuals here count for but little, and so the great pimple doctor, who had made a fortune and spent it in Nova Scotia, who created a sensation in the City of Churches and outlived it, came to the metropolis without effect. I doubt if there are ten men in the city, outside of the Fifth Avenue hotel and its immediate vicinity, who can recall the man who, for a brief period, was a veritable sensation in those conspicuous corridors. What had become of him prior to this last development nobody knew, nobody cared. That he should

be suspected of the Whitechapel murders would, under ordinary circumstances, be strange; but when I remember that every act of his life, so far as we know, was an intentional bid for notoriety it doesn't seem so strange. He sought notoriety with his dog and his companion in Brooklyn. He sought notoriety with his dog and his companion in New York. He certainly achieved notoriety when he was suspected of complicity in the scheme to introduce yellow fever, by means of infected garments during the war, in this great center; so that now, when I find an additional chapter in full harmony with the rest of the book of his life, I don't know that it is to be particularly wondered at, especially when his cunning, which has thus far succeeded in getting him from all his scrapes unharmed, unseathed, is remembered—a cunning which, without doubt, secured for him this vast rounded publicity, making him the text for cablegrams and editorial comment the world around.

Howard.

CONSPIRATORS OF SIXTY-FIVE.

Pen Pictures of Them All as They Appeared at the Trial. 1895

On the left, in the line of prisoners, sat Mrs. Surratt, deeply veiled, with her face turned to the wall, slowly and constantly fanning herself, and never raising her head except when ordered to show her countenance for the purpose of identification by witnesses. She was a dark-looking, fleshy, placid and matronly woman, apparently about 45 years of age. She was accused of being privy to the plot, assisting both before and after the assassination, and secreting in her house the arms and other implements to be used in carrying out the conspiracy.

Next the guard who sat by Mrs. Surratt's side was Herold, a small, dark fellow, about 25 years old, with a low, receding forehead, scanty black hair and whiskers, a stooping figure, protruding teeth and a vulgar face. This man was Booth's intimate companion, and left him only when he was burned out in the Maryland barn.

Next was Payne, the assassin detailed for the murder of Seward. He sat bolt upright against the wall, looming up like a young giant above all the others. Payne's face would defy the ordinary physiognomist. It certainly appeared to be a good face. His coarse, black hair was brushed well off his low, broad forehead; his eyes were dark gray, unusually large and liquid. His brawny muscular chest, which was covered only by a dark, close-fitting "sweater," was that of an athlete. He was apparently not much over 24 years old, and his face, figure, and bearing bespoke him the powerful, resolute creature that he proved to be. It was curious to see the quick flash of intelligence that involuntarily shot from his eyes when the knife with which he had done the bloody work at Seward's house was identified by the man who found it in the street near the house in the gray dawn of the morning after that dreadful night. The knife was a heavy, horn-handled implement, with a double edge at the point, and a blade about 10 inches long, thick at the back, but evidently ground carefully to a fine point. This knife was subsequently given to Robinson, the faithful nurse who saved the life of Seward, and who was afterward made a Paymaster in the Army of the United States.

Next in order sat Atzerot, who had been assigned, it was believed, to the murder of Vice President Johnson, but whose heart failed him when the time came to strike the blow. This fellow might safely challenge the rest of the party as the completest personification of a low and cunning scoundrel. He was small and sinewy, with long, dark-brown hair, dark-blue and unsteady eyes, a receding, narrow chin and forehead, and a generally villainous countenance. It was observed that when any ludicrous incident disturbed the gravity of the court, as sometimes happened, Atzerot was the only man who never smiled, although the others, Payne especially, would often grin in sympathy with the auditors.

O'Laughlin, who was supposed to have been set apart for the murder of Stanton or Grant, had the appearance of the traditional stage villain. He had a high, broad forehead, a mass of tangled black hair, a heavy mustache and chin whiskers, and his face was blackened by a rough, unshaven beard. His large eyes, black and wild, were never still, but appeared to take in everything within the room, scanning each new arrival at the door, watching the witnesses, but occasionally resting on the green trees and sunny sky seen through the grated window on his left. He often moved his feet, and the clanking of his manacles would attract his attention, and he would look down, then back and forth at the scene within the courtroom. A California vigilance committee in 1845 probably would have hanged him "on general principles." He was accused of being in league with both Surratt and Herold, and was seen at Stanton's house on the night of the murder, asking for General Grant.

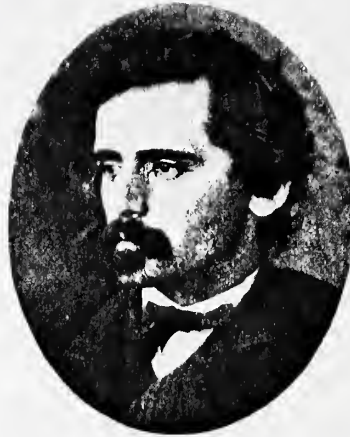
Spangler, the stage carpenter of Ford's Theater, was about 40, heavily built, sanly in complexion, slovenly in appearance. He held Booth's horse at odd times, kept clear the way to the rear of the theater, and was suspected of being his lackey. The poor creature, more than any other, appeared to be under the influence of imminent bodily fear. His hands were incessantly moving along his legs from knee to thigh, his bony fingers traveling back and forth like spiders, as he sat with his eyes fixed on each witness.

Dr. Mudd, the companion and associate of Booth, who received the flying assassin into his house on the night of the murder, and set his fractured limb, in appearance was about 35 years of age, and had mild blue eyes, a good broad forehead, ruddy face, hair scanty and thin, a high head and a sanguine temperament. He sat in his shirt sleeves, with a white handkerchief knotted closely about his neck, and attentively regarded the proceedings with the air of a man who felt sure of himself.

Last in the row, and looking out of the window upon the plesant sky and tree tops beyond, was Arnold, the "Sam" of Booth's correspondence, who, writing from Hookstown, Md., informed the assassin that he had concluded to "give up the job," and was tired of keeping up appearances. This man was as uneasy as a caged whelp. He leaned his head on the rail before him or looked out of the window, or lounged against the wall, or rested his chin on his breast, and was generally absolutely inattentive to everything that went on. He had retreated from the conspiracy, and was caught at Fort Monroe, where he had gone to get out of the way until suspicion had passed. It then appeared that he figured only in the original plan of abducting Lincoln, and was to have caught him on the stage, when the rest of the villains had thrown him over from the box.—Noah Brooks in the Century.



SAMUEL ARNOLD.



MICHAEL O'LAUGHLIN.



GEORGE A. ATZEROTT.



LEWIS PAYNE.



DAVID E. HEROLD.



EDWARD SPANGLER.

LINCOLN CONSPIRATORS.

McClure Magazine April 1902

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FOR





ON THE DRY TORTUGAS.

STORIES OF MILITARY PRISONERS AND OF THE LINCOLN CONSPIRATORS.

BY CAPTAIN W. R. PRENTICE.



Of those who participated in the struggle which in American History will always be known as the Great Civil War, there still remains, North and South, a vast army of old men. Within a few years these will have followed their former leaders, nearly all of whom were mustered out years ago to take service in the great army of the dead. Much that is real history has been written of the campaigns that began in 1861 and ended in 1865; much more that is in danger of being counted historical has gone into print.

The bivouac, the camp, the march, the skirmish, the battlefield, the hospital, alike have given up their tale. Even the camps of "prisoners of war," those dreary confines of homesick men, have furnished material for volumes of thrilling narrative. There remains, so far as the writer knows, but one unwritten story—a humble and, for the most part, a sad one, to make complete the annals of the war.

The Tortugas islands, seven in number, were acquired by the United States along with the Florida purchase. They are merely the tops of coral reefs. The largest has an area of not more than ten acres, and all rise but a few feet above the surface of the ocean. They are practically barren, and entirely destitute of fresh water—hence the name, "Dry Tortugas." They are approachable only by deep, narrow, and tortuous channels, winding and turning among the sunken reefs which separate the islands.

No ships undertake to approach them by night, and their inaccessibility long made them the haunt of Gulf pirates. Barren and swept by West India hurricanes, they are seldom visited; but, as they lie close to the track of all that Gulf commerce which passes through the Florida Strait, unoccupied, they were a menace to navigators. For this reason our Government early began there the construction of one of those old-time fortifications, built of brick and stone, of which Fort Sumter was a type. Fort Jefferson entirely covers Garden Key, and, at a distance of forty feet, is surrounded by a sea wall built up from the reef to about four feet above high-water mark. Between this wall and the fort is the moat, or ditch, always filled with water to the depth of perhaps ten feet. The fort is nearly a quadrilateral, but has many projecting angles, and was intended to mount more than 300 guns. In 1865 the work of construction was still going on, although a large part of the guns were in place.

Here, by the summer of 1865, had been gathered more than 400 men, sentenced to hard labor for every conceivable offense or crime, for terms from one month to "life." An officer could be cashiered, a private never. His offenses must be punished by the guard-house, death, or the Tortugas. It often happened that a poor fellow's term of sentence had expired before, in the slow process of transportation, he had reached his destination. Fort Jefferson's prisoners were the more numerous because of several

special features of our army. Our volunteers learned stern military etiquette very slowly, and volunteer officers, dressed in a little brief authority, were often inhumanly severe on ignorant or half-ignorant breaches of discipline. By the time that experience had modified this state of things, the draft was pouring into the army much depraved material, a portion of which quickly reached the Dry Tortugas.

The war was over. At Washington the "Grand Review" had passed; a victorious army had been disbanded, and the shattered remnant of Lee's and Longstreet's veterans had vanished. At New Orleans sat Phil Sheridan, watching that unfortunate European prince then masquerading in Mexico, on whom notice of eviction had been served. And, sweltering in their bivouacs among the sand dunes at Apalachicola, Florida, was one regiment of New York volunteers, who had been recruited in the summer of 1862. Their term of service had expired; their homes 2,000 miles away awaited their coming. They had celebrated the national anniversary, but, weary of questioning when their discharges were to come, they had grown sick at heart over hope deferred, until the hospitals were full of men fast losing their grip on life. The heat, day by day, grew more intense; the fleas and mosquitoes more ravenous. One night a trim ocean steamer worked its way inside the bar and dropped anchor. Immediately the cry went up "Home! Home!" and men began to pack their belongings for the long voyage, never doubting, not even questioning. A lighter came up the little bay and made the landing. An officer stepped on shore and made his way to the colonel's tent. Soon his business leaked out. "The —st New York will pack up at once and take passage for the Dry Tortugas, there to relieve the —th New York Volunteers!" One man deserted, a few wept, more swore; the majority accepted the disappointment with that stoicism which inevitably becomes a part of every good soldier's nature.

Long after noon the next day we saw dead ahead, rising out of the quiet sea, first the lighthouse and then the red brick walls of Fort Jefferson.

The officers of the regiment were quartered in large, airy rooms, and for the first time since leaving home, three years before, slept under a roof and upon beds. We were soon made acquainted with our duties, which were to guard every part of the fort and keep a close watch on the prisoners, who

considerably outnumbered us. The regiment which had, in 1862, gone out nearly 1,000 strong, was now reduced to about 250 men present, fit for duty. The prisoners were lodged in the vacant casemates. They were shut in at night after a careful roll-call, and a strong guard was placed at each entrance to their quarters.

The routine of daily duty was soon established. After a crew had been detailed for the lifeboat, always ready for service, and another for two of the heavy guns, the remainder of our small force was separated into two divisions—one to go on guard each alternate morning. The prisoners were kept busy during the day; a part of them with the engineer corps in construction work, a part under guard in policing the fort until every corner of it was as clean as brooms and scrubbing brushes could make it.

Those prisoners! what a motley crew they were! Men from every State and Territory; men speaking almost every known tongue; old and young; college graduates; men who could neither read nor write; innocent-looking lads who would not harm a fly, and hardened criminals who would rob a wounded soldier or shoot a paymaster without a tremor.

THE PAYMASTER'S CLERK.

The first prisoner whose acquaintance I made was the son of a Brooklyn merchant. He was of Irish descent; he had enjoyed exceptional educational advantages; he was a fine penman, and was employed in the office as chief clerk. Having early enlisted in the navy, he had seen considerable service, and had earned his promotion as paymaster's clerk. Then his trouble began. His ship being in port, he secured leave to go ashore, met some friends, and with them started out to celebrate his recent promotion. He confessed to me that he got back to his ship in a "condition," but on time. Unfortunately, at the very hour of his arrival, it chanced that Admiral David D. Porter was on board on a tour of inspection. The "clerk," in his exalted condition, wanted to slap the admiral on the back and shake hands with him, for, like most sailors, he greatly admired the old sea-dog. The result can easily be imagined. It came in the shape of a sentence to the Dry Tortugas for ten years. Had this man arrived an hour later, he would have met not his admiral, but his captain. In that case his indiscretion would have been pardoned, but for overstaying his time he might have been required to remain in his

quarters on bread and water for two days. The navy would then have retained the services of a good man, and the Tortugas found another clerk.

A PHILADELPHIA BOY.

It was not many days before I made the acquaintance of a very different character. There were several inmates who, at the evening roll-call, were marched away and carefully locked in cells for the night. One of these was a Philadelphia boy, known on the records as "Charles Smith, No. 1." He was a slight, fair-haired, blue-eyed lad, whose bright, laughing face advertised him as an innocent, lovable fellow about fifteen years old. He was nineteen, in fact, and was the most expert thief I have ever known. This confused state of mind over the nature of property rights had cut short his military career and sent him to prison.

With the aid of a pair of blue trousers—borrowed from the quartermaster, without that officer's knowledge—he became a private soldier, and visited the officers' quarters on plausible errands. There he acquired a good stock of tobacco and cigars. Shouldering a broom, he entered the commissary department—"by direction of the officer of the guard." While he whistled and swept and talked entertainingly, as he could easily do, he appropriated everything movable. It seemed useless to watch him. If you examined his pockets, however, you were very sure to find some of your property there. He fooled the guards so often that it became monotonous. At length, one evening the quartermaster found that his storeroom had been broken open and twenty-four suits of uniform stolen. This was serious, as will be seen later. "Smith, No. 1," in his soldier guise, with his "merry whistled tune" and his magical broom, had committed the theft in broad day before the very eyes of a guard set to watch that identical door. When charged with the offense, Smith was wearing his Sunday-school face, and over it there spread a look of injured innocence rarely equalled. He always denied everything. The suits of uniform could not be found, and it was decided to put Smith where he would do no more mischief. On those slender wrists and ankles cruel irons were placed. These were securely fastened to a heavy ball and chain, and the whole anchored to an iron staple in the massive wall. To all who had a hand in it, this treatment seemed perfectly inhuman, for, even with

indisputable evidence of his guilt, one's sympathies were always in favor of the boy. But Smith must be taught a lesson. The door of his cell was locked and a guard placed before it. Did the lad break his heart? In a couple of hours he handed the whole concern out through the wicket, with a pleasant "Here's your jewelry." A search of his bed revealed a pretty fair burglar's outfit, manufactured during his abundant hours of leisure. The process by which he was finally fastened seems to me, now, too terrible to relate here. It will be sufficient to say that at midnight he asked for me. I went to him at once, and found the poor boy lying on his cot, bruised and bleeding from his frantic efforts to release himself, and weeping convulsively. I washed his wounds—all self-inflicted—and at length quieted his grief and rage. Then the story of his life came out. It was the old story. He was the only child of wealthy parents. The father died early, leaving him to the care of a fond and too indulgent mother. The street did the rest. Before I left him that night he gave me his voluntary promise to make no more trouble. He was released, and, I am glad to say, faithfully kept his promise so long as I knew him. Within a month after my departure, however, he one night sawed the heavy bars to his little window, leaped to the ditch, swam to the breakwater, stole a boat, and escaped.

THE SEQUEL TO "CHARLES SMITH, NO. 1."

For many days nothing could be found of the stolen uniforms. It was well understood what such a theft meant. Twenty-four of the most desperate characters among the prisoners, disguised as soldiers, expected to pass the guard some dark night, seize a schooner, and escape. The plan looked very feasible. For days a quiet, but careful search was carried on. No clue could be obtained. The guard at the postern was doubled. Many of us felt uneasy. At last I took into my confidence a prisoner whose term had expired. He only asked if a certain cell had been examined. It had not. In it six well-known desperadoes were confined. That cell was visited. There were the four bare stone walls, some iron cots, and a chair—no other furniture. All the cells, like the casemates, were floored with heavy flag-stones laid in cement, but this one had also a good board floor laid above the flags. While I talked with the prisoners on various subjects, I examined that floor.

It seemed solid; and all the cracks were filled with dust. But there was one short piece. Hitching my chair nearer to it, I inserted my knife-blade under that piece. It came up. The search was over.

In an excavation made in the flagging were the uniforms and much more—cold chisels, hammers, and saws, stolen from the masons, and plenty of dirks made from chisels and case-knives—a most fortunate find. Smith had accumulated all these, and passed them into this cell. In case of failure to pass the guard, they intended to overpower it. What the result would have been is hard to imagine. That guard, always in charge of a trusty officer, was composed of picked men who had seen three years' service. Their guns were loaded, and they were not timid. There would have been a hand-to-hand struggle, and some one would have been hurt.

AN ENIGMA.

Occasionally, the work in the office became so great that more than the regular number of clerks was required. At such times we usually brought in some one of the prisoners. Among those frequently called upon was a young man known as Robinson. We liked him for his quiet, gentle manners. He worked steadily, never spoke except to ask or answer a question—and then in a soft, musical voice that was pleasant to hear. The strangest thing about him was that, although he did not seem strong, whenever he was sent for he begged to be excused, preferring to wheel sand and brick in the hot sun rather than sit and write in the cool, breezy office. On one of the occasions when Robinson was assisting us, the mail arrived. It came weekly by schooner from Key West. The four clerks—three prisoners and one soldier—were busy at a large table, while I examined and sorted the mail, of which there was a large basketful. At length I came upon a voluminous document which for a time puzzled me. There were many sheets covered with endorsements and fairly bristling with official stamps. Finally I had them in order. They began with a letter from Lord Palmerston, then Prime Minister of England, to Lord Lyons, the Queen's ambassador at Washington. Of the original letter I have a copy. It was to this effect: "A little more than a year ago a young man left England and went to the United States. He was last heard of as having enlisted in an Ohio regiment under the name of Joshua Fielding. Can you ob-

tain information of him?" This brief note was signed simply "Palmerston." To the original letter had been attached many endorsement slips. The first by Lord Lyons, referred the letter to William H. Seward, Secretary of State, for information. By Mr. Seward it was referred to Assistant Adjutant General Townsend, with a request that the matter be investigated at once. From General Townsend it went to General George H. Thomas, commanding the Department of the Tennessee, and then on down by corps, division, and brigade, until it reached the regiment to which the boy had belonged. Then followed the information that Joshua Fielding had twice deserted and reenlisted in another regiment—each time under a different name; that he had deserted from the third regiment and secured employment as a citizen clerk at General Thomas's own headquarters; that he had at last been arrested, tried by court-martial, and "sentenced to hard labor for ten years at the Dry Tortugas," where he was then supposed to be. It had afterward, in regular course, gone back to the Adjutant General's office at Washington, from which place it had been forwarded to Tortugas with an order for all the information possible.

What a collection of autographs! But I was not then a collector; besides, that singular document must receive my endorsement and be returned to Washington by tomorrow's mail.

As to which of our 400 was Joshua Fielding, I had not the slightest knowledge. It would be necessary to go over the files and discover him by the particular *alias* under which he had been tried and sentenced.

Requesting the four clerks to rest a few minutes, I read them the original letter. It was too late to look up "Joshua Fielding" that night, so we speculated as to his identity. In this discussion Robinson, according to his custom, took no part, but continued his writing as impassive as usual. When work for the day was done, however, and the others had gone, he came to my table and said, "What will you do with that letter?" "Return it to Washington with the information required, of course," I replied. "Must you do that?" he asked. "Certainly, I should be liable to court-martial if I did not." I was surprised at his interest and watched his face. He was visibly excited. "Can't you let me have it?" was his next question. "Why, Robinson, what do you mean?"

"I mean that I am Joshua Fielding, and

I would rather be shot than have that document go back to England."

"Is Fielding, then, not your real name?"

"Of course not!"

"Who, then, are you?"

"Oh, sir, that I can't tell you." He pleaded, with tears in his eyes, that I would not return the paper.

We sat—he and I—while he told me of his experiences as a deserter. He saw no crime in any but the last, for in the first two cases of desertion he had reënlisted. Again I tried to get his name, but his only reply was, "If you knew who I am, you would not wonder that the Prime Minister of England has joined in the search for me."

As I write, a muster-roll of the prisoners at Dry Tortugas, in September, 1865, lies before me. There stands the name "E. Robinson," *alias* Joshua Fielding, and that young fellow's face comes up before me as plainly as on the day he begged the poor privilege of remaining unknown.

A month previous about fifty men had been recommended to President Johnson for pardon. As if to complete this little tragedy, at the bottom of the same basket of mail that had given us its first chapter, I found a list of the prisoners pardoned, and among the names was that of "E. Robinson." The pardon was to him a matter of no concern whatever. The next ship took him to New York—a free man. Who was he. Where is he to-day? I have never learned more.

THE LINCOLN CONSPIRATORS.

As may readily be imagined, interest in the fort centered chiefly about the four men who were then believed to have had some share in the assassination of President Lincoln. These were Mudd, Arnold, Spangler, and O'Laughlin. Mudd was a physician, and it was to his house that Booth had ridden on the night of his great crime. There his broken leg had been set, and there he had been secreted for one day. The doctor was an educated man of refined and dignified manner. He had never quite recovered from his surprise that any one should find fault with him for setting a broken bone for a stranger. He always asserted that he did not know Booth, and was not aware, at the time, that Booth had committed a crime. But Mudd had been an ardent secessionist. The boot which he took from Booth's foot—and which was left at his house—bore on the lining, in plainly written characters, "J. W. Booth," and the hurried manner in

which the injured man was spirited away convinced the court that Mudd was an accomplice. He was accordingly sentenced to imprisonment for life.

It was a hard fate to be called upon for professional services by a wounded desperado, and then narrowly to escape hanging for it. The trial and sentence were a terrible blow, from which Mudd never recovered. He had left a devoted wife at his home in Maryland, and his mental sufferings were so severe that he seemed always on the verge of insanity. He had at first been put to work with a wheelbarrow, but, having never done any manual labor, he was rapidly failing under the combined physical and mental strain. For this reason I directed that he be transferred to the prisoners' hospital as nurse. There he made himself exceedingly useful, and there he might have remained had not his homesickness, in an evil hour, overcome his judgment. While a ship lay at the wharf, he contrived to get on board and secrete himself in the coal bunkers. He was of course discovered, and then he learned what he did not before know, that no ship was allowed to sail until it was ascertained that every prisoner was in his place. He was immediately placed in solitary confinement, where he remained several months. It was during this period that he wrote the following letter now in my possession.

FORT JEFFERSON, TORTUGAS, FLA.
September 19, 1865.

My Dear Sir:

I did not observe until this morning the token of your friendship and kindness. I accept, with pleasure, the volume ("*Les Miserables*")*, and as often as my eyes shall scan its consoling pages, my mind shall revert with gratitude towards the donor for the kind consideration received. You will please excuse my present poverty for a more suitable reciprocation of good feeling, and accept a small medal—usually worn by members of the Catholic Church as a monitor and in honor of the Blessed Virgin, Mother of Christ.

With many regrets at your early withdrawal from the chief command of the post and contemplated departure homeward—a pleasant trip—a happy future,

I am very respectfully and truly,

Your obedient servant &c.,

SAM'L A. MUDD, M.D.

The second of the conspirators, Samuel B. Arnold, was to me a far more interesting character. He was a young man not long out of college. Nature had done much for him. He was tall, of good figure, of very prepossessing manners, and with all the instincts of a refined gentleman. He was the

* This book—just printed in this country—had been sent to me, and my sympathy for Mudd's sufferings prompted me, on my departure, to send it to his cell. I still have the little medal.

intimate friend and companion of John Wilkes Booth, whom he somewhat resembled. He frankly admitted that he had been in correspondence with Booth with regard to a scheme to abduct President Lincoln, convey him to the Confederacy, and hold him as a hostage until peace could be secured on terms which those two young men proposed to dictate.

Arnold talked with me very freely of this plan. It was one that naturally appealed to two romantic young men, neither of whom had very strong inclinations towards the privations and dangers of actual service in the Confederate army. How little those two hot heads comprehended the temper of the North is now clearly seen. Abraham Lincoln, no more than Regulus of old, would have accepted either life or liberty at such cost to his country, and the war would have been prosecuted with still greater vigor. Arnold always maintained that he broke off the correspondence with Booth because he became convinced that the scheme was impracticable. At any rate, the Confederacy fell too soon for their plan to be carried out. Arnold's letters were found in Booth's trunk, and these letters brought that young man so near the gallows that he considered himself fortunate in escaping with a life sentence to the Tortugas.

Arnold was an expert penman, and was constantly employed in the office. Unless questioned, he never spoke of himself, but his sensitive face showed how keenly he suffered. Upon Dr. Mudd's insane attempt to escape Arnold was also placed in close confinement, and then the bitterness of his spirit was poured out in a letter, written me after my departure, which I still preserve.

Edward Spangler was a very different sort of man. He had been the stage carpenter in Ford's Theater. He, it was claimed, had so arranged the doors that when Booth should obtain admission to the President's box and close the doors behind him, he could not be pursued. What the doubt was that let him off so easily, I do not now remember, but while Arnold was sentenced for life, Spangler was given but ten years. He was a German, fat and jolly. I think I never saw him when he had not a smile on his broad face. He seemed to treat the whole affair as a joke, and went about his work with as good a stomach as any free artisan working for top wages.

On the fatal evening of April 14, 1865, Michael O'Laughlin, an Irish shoemaker, had done his day's work, changed his clothes,

and taken a stroll uptown. Chancing to be near the entrance to Ford's Theater, he had been given a dollar to hold Booth's horse. It was never proven satisfactorily that he had any knowledge of the crime until it had been committed and the perpetrator had fled.

If we consider the intense feeling, the supreme horror which the perpetration of this crime sent like an electric shock over the whole country—South as well as North—we may perhaps wonder that any one of these four men escaped with his life. O'Laughlin, like Spangler, received a ten year's sentence. He left behind him a family, to whom he was deeply attached, and, from the first he was a broken-hearted man, dying in prison within a year. O'Laughlin's case has always appealed very strongly to my sympathies, for I have never been able to divest myself of the feeling that he was the victim of a most unhappy combination of circumstances.

President Johnson's controversies with nearly all his early political associates fortunately soon toned down his often-expressed inclination toward punitive measures. The three living "conspirators" were pardoned within two years of their conviction, and the act scarcely excited remark. The death of Dr. Mudd, years ago, called out many extravagantly erroneous accounts of the small part he played in a fearful tragedy. Arnold, if living, is, I have no doubt, a good, loyal American citizen; while Spangler, now about seventy-five years of age, in all probability plies his carpenter's trade, and occasionally, over his evening pipe, delights his grandchildren with the story of "the time when I came so near being hanged."

A FALSE ALARM.

The belief that rebellion lurked in a thousand hiding-places all over the Southern States, and was liable to break out at any moment, was quite general during the summer of 1865. The two great armies had actually disappeared, and there was as much danger of a renewal of the strife from one side of Mason and Dixon's line as from the other, but men did not so understand it. The following incident illustrates this fact. In the month of August, General L. C. Baker, Chief of the United States Detective Bureau, telegraphed from St. Louis to General Sheridan at New Orleans that he had discovered a plot to surprise the garrison at Tortugas and release the State prisoners confined

there. General Sheridan, with his usual promptitude, immediately dispatched to Tortugas a staff officer in the swiftest steamer at his command, with a copy of General Baker's telegram and the following letter:

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF.
NEW ORLEANS, August 20, 1865.

Commanding Officer, Tortugas:

The enclosed telegram is forwarded for your information. You will at once take measures to prevent the accomplishment of such purpose as the surprise of your post and the release of the prisoners therein.

Report by return of the bearer the strength of your garrison.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

P. H. SHERIDAN, Maj. Gen.

The same message was sent to General Grant at Washington, and at once from Fortress Monroe came another swift steamer with another staff officer, bearing a letter of the same import from the Assistant Adjutant General of the Army, General E. D. Townsend, written by "direction of the Secretary of War," Edwin M. Stanton. This account shows the importance which was then attached to the safe-keeping of the four State prisoners. At that time Dr. Mudd was quietly pursuing his duties as day nurse among the sick prisoners; Arnold was writing in the provost marshal's office; Spangler was enjoying life and whistling away the days as he wielded hammer and saw and plane; and O'Laughlin was pining to his death. Looking back to those days, I am certain that some one played a practical joke on General Baker, the Secretary of War, and General Sheridan, for it is not probable that the four men mentioned had any hope of release. However the rumor having been given such credence at headquarters, it would not do for us to be caught napping. A few extra guards were set, our muskets were kept loaded day and night, and the crews for the great guns were strengthened. It was all we could do. Indeed, we were very incredulous in regard to the alleged conspiracy.

But one quiet afternoon all our incredulity forsook us. We felt sure that the rescue expedition against which we had been warned was at hand. A large brig-rigged schooner was seen heading for the channel. Our glasses failed to reveal any flag flying at the

masthead, nor were more than two men visible upon her deck. She raised no pilot's flag, hoisted no signal of distress. The breeze was very light, yet she had only one small foresail set.

After the warnings we had received, it was easy to imagine that she carried a heavy cargo of treason between decks. Until sundown she approached, and then, tacking northward, disappeared in the gathering dusk. That night no one was allowed to sleep. The men stood by their guns, the life boat's crew outside was on the watch, and the prisoners were doubly guarded. There came no alarm.

The following morning the schooner again appeared, approached, and tacked as before. Three times she repeated this manœuver, and then our trusty old pilot consented to go out to her. After several hours he returned with the intelligence that our mysterious brig was from Portland, Maine. She had been to Aspinwall with a cargo of ice, and was homeward bound in ballast. Every man on board was either sick or dead with Panama fever. The captain, only, was able to creep about on deck to change the course of his ship, but even he was too weak to run up a signal. More than this, his ship had sprung a leak, and had already nine feet of water in her hold. How we found a dozen sailors among our most desperate prisoners, put them in our great life-boat with as many soldiers fully armed, compelled them to row out to the brig, pump her out, and bring her into a safe anchorage, seems now a very ordinary tale, but at the time we thought it quite an exciting experience. The ship was cleaned, the dead were buried on one of the islands, and the sick were cared for by our good regimental surgeon.

Never since have I seen a man so grateful as that captain when one of our officers with his band of "pirates," as he called them, climbed aboard and took command of the sinking craft. The captain went to Havana, recruited a fresh crew, and proceeded on his voyage.

General Baker's party never came, and soon the memory of our "scare" faded away only to be recalled as one of the many incidents that go to make up an old soldier's yarns.



Those Charged With the Crime.



A reproduction of the official
res arranged after the trial.

Samuel Bland Arnold's complete story of the plot to assassinate Abraham Lincoln and the fate of the conspirators appeared in 14 installments in the *Baltimore American* in December 1902. It was republished in newspapers across the country.

The original copyrighted series was published as:

- "Arnold's Story of the Lincoln Conspiracy," *Baltimore American*, Sunday, Dec. 7, 1902, p. 36+
- "Lincoln Conspiracy and the Conspirators," *Baltimore American*, Monday, Dec. 8, 1902, p. 13
- "Lincoln Conspiracy and the Conspirators," *Baltimore American*, Tuesday, Dec. 9, 1902, p. 13
- "Lincoln Conspiracy and the Conspirators," *Baltimore American*, Wednesday, Dec. 10, 1902, p. 13
- "Lincoln Conspiracy and the Conspirators," *Baltimore American*, Thursday, Dec. 11, 1902, p. 13
- "Lincoln Conspiracy and the Conspirators," *Baltimore American*, Friday, Dec. 12, 1902, p. 13
- "Lincoln Conspiracy and the Conspirators," *Baltimore American*, Saturday, Dec. 13, 1902, p. 15
- "Lincoln Conspiracy and the Conspirators," *Baltimore American*, Sunday, Dec. 14, 1902, p. 34
- "Lincoln Conspiracy and the Conspirators," *Baltimore American*, Monday, Dec. 15, 1902, p. 13
- "Lincoln Conspiracy and the Conspirators," *Baltimore American*, Tuesday, Dec. 16, 1902, p. 13
- "Lincoln Conspiracy and the Conspirators," *Baltimore American*, Wednesday, Dec. 17, 1902, p. 13
- "Lincoln Conspiracy and the Conspirators," *Baltimore American*, Thursday, Dec. 18, 1902, p. 13
- "Lincoln Conspiracy and the Conspirators," *Baltimore American*, Friday, Dec. 19, 1902, p. 13
- "Lincoln Conspiracy and the Conspirators," *Baltimore American*, Saturday, Dec. 20, 1902, p. 16

BY SAMUEL BLAND ARNOLD,
Who Was Imprisoned at the Dry Tortugas.

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A Tell-Tale Letter and Arnold's Arrest.

*News of the Assassination Came to Him While at
Old Point Comfort, Va., and He Affirms That
Was the First He Had Heard of Any
Contemplated Violence.*

HIS FIRST IMPULSE TO CONFESS ALL HE KNEW.

DURING the entire month of February the project was at a standstill and I seldom met Booth. For the first time my situation dawned upon me and began to be felt deeply. Here I was without any kind of employment, wandering from place to place in my idleness, making frequent visits to Baltimore, watched, no doubt, and my footsteps dogged by the government detectives and spies, who in various ways sought to obtain some clew as to my business and how engaged. This became insupportable, as I felt every eye was watching my movements, thereby making my position very insecure.

After the presidential election Booth worked energetically in the affair, and had completed all his arrangements, so he informed O'Laughlin and myself. He was always busy and in motion, having very limited time to hold conversation. I was unaware, even at this late date, that there were any others, beyond those spoken of before, who were connected with the affair.

Prisoners were now being exchanged, and the purpose for which each had bound himself to the other, and for which months of labor and time had been expended, had been accomplished. Yet he still insisted upon carrying out the abduction. Patriotism had converged into heartless ambition on his part, and I looked upon him as a madman, and resolved, if the project were not speedily executed, to sever my connection with him.

Mr. Arnold next recites at length, as detailed in his sworn statement before Gleason in 1867, of the meeting of the conspirators at Gotler's saloon, and there meeting for the first time Lewis Payne, George A. Atzerodt and David H. Arnold, Booth,

Atzerodt, made up the party that gathered in the saloon to discuss the project. Arnold says at this point that both outlined the project, and that the project was seemingly his visionary idea. Of an objectionable lengthly discussion, suspicious of the government, seemingly been aroused at double stockades were on the bridge crossing the river, on the Prince George's, which made the undertaking difficult, even if successful. At the theatre, was Arnold advanced the practicability of the

Spellbound by Booth.

He then says: I stood not alone, yet none seemed to consider it in its proper light, they being completely spellbound by the utterance of Booth, not looking at the consequences which would follow.

After arguing to great length, in fact until the subject became exhausted and before any reasonable decision could be arrived at or rendered, it culminated in a very exciting and violent controversy between Booth and myself, the others silently looking on when Booth, in his rashness and madness, finding that he could not swerve me from my purpose and firm stand taken in the manner of his accomplishment, threatened to shoot me, or words to that effect.

At this time it looked very much as if the meeting would be dissolved with serious consequences attending it, as two stubborn natures had met, and one of us as decided a character as the other when deeming the position assumed as right. However, it was finally settled and compromised without resorting to shooting, after which, in the presence of the entire company, I stated my determination and firm resolve to sever my connection with the affair in case it was not carried out during the week, stating, also: "Gentlemen, you have naught to fear from me in the matter, as I never would betray you."

The resolve to attempt to carry off the President from the hospital or encampment on Seventh street, where the chief executive failed to appear after the conspirators had arrived on the scene on horseback, is dealt with again by Arnold at this point. The plan was to take the carriage of the President and all seated within it, drive it around by way of Bladensburg, thence through the lower counties in the direction of Port Tobacco, cross the river at or near that point, and thence onward to Richmond.

A Quixotic Undertaking.

Commenting on this plan, Mr. Arnold says: The most quixotic and visionary undertaking that ever entered a sane man's brain. I looked upon him as demented, but made no objection, stating that we would be ready at the appointed time. Of all the ideas existing in a man's brain, this was the most foolhardy ever advanced, and we concluded that it was done to try the nerve of his associates. We looked upon him as a madman, yet could offer no objection, from the fact that we had given our word to assist him in it during the week.

O'Laughlin, Payne and Arnold rode part of the way to the city in company, and Booth and Surratt went on out the road. What became of Atzerodt, I am unable to state, and Herold was not present, he having been sent to T. B. or Surrattsville with Booth's horse and huggy, conveying the box containing the two carbines and other minor articles. About 8 o'clock that same evening O'Laughlin and myself met Booth and Surratt back of the National Hotel, at the stable where our horses had been placed at livery, and from that day I never saw John H. Surratt until I met him a clerk at the Norfolk line of steamers in Baltimore, some 10 years ago. The interval allotted for carrying out the scheme expired, and O'Laughlin and myself severed all connection with Booth and his confederates, and, in fact, the general idea of the entire party was that the project was entirely abandoned, and we returned to our respective homes in Baltimore on March 7, 1865.

Still Another Appeal.

But a few days had elapsed before Booth was again soliciting my assistance, to which I paid not the slightest attention. On March 25, 1865, as he returned from New York to the city of Washington he stopped in Baltimore, called at my father's to see me, but I was in the country. So he left a letter for me, and I found that he desired to try it once more, and, if unsuccessful, to forever abandon it. As requested, I called at Barnum's Hotel, but found he had departed. I, therefore, concluded that he had gone to Washington, which caused the penning of the communication of March 27, which proved so fatal in its bearings in my respective case.

The motive of the letter was to prevent, if possible, his undertaking. Whether he left this letter in his trunk to betray me, in my innocence, into the hands of the government, through malice or forgetfulness I cannot fathom, nevertheless, it accomplished its end, and from this fact I was forced to become a witness against myself.

The trip with O'Laughlin to Washington to get money from Booth, owing to O'Laughlin, is dealt with at length. He had an interview with Booth at the National Hotel, and the scheme

was entirely abandoned. During the conversation Booth informed us that he had learned through Lewis J. Weichman, with whom he was on the most friendly terms and from whom he derived all information relating to the number of prisoners held by the United States government, that John H. Surratt had accompanied a lady to Richmond, owing to the capture by the United States authorities of the person who had been in the habit of ferrying parties across the river, and it was through this circumstance alone that the services of Surratt were offered.

Had He But Done So.

Among the last words uttered by Booth on that occasion were that he intended returning to his profession upon the stage, and that he had given up forever his project. This was the last interview I ever had and the last time I ever met him, and I have never seen nor heard from him since. Of all the others connected with the affair I never saw nor heard from any after March 17, 1865, excepting Atzerodt, whom I accidentally ran upon March 31, on my visit to Washington.

After dealing with his securing work at Old Point Comfort, Mr. Arnold tells of the receipt of the news of Lincoln's assassination in the following words:

On the 15th of April, 1865, about 12 o'clock noon, whilst seated in the counting rooms at Mr. Wharton's at Old Point Comfort, Va., it became rumored that Abraham Lincoln had been assassinated the evening preceding, whilst walking along Pennsylvania avenue in Washington. The name of the person perpetrating the deed was unknown, in fact, the report was so vague that but few persons credited it. Toward evening, other dispatches arriving, announced the assassination of Mr. Seward and other officials of the government. The greatest excitement prevailed.

It was not until the following day that any clue had been obtained to the person who had committed the deed, when the public mind became gradually impressed with the idea that John W. Booth was the guilty hand that struck the blow. This news startled me, feeling assured that my former connection and intimacy with Booth would lead to my arrest, and to be even suspected I felt was almost equivalent to death.

Had I been differently situated, or been where I felt that the law would have protected me, I would have surrendered myself (in my entire innocence) into the hands of the government; but, as it was, I determined to let affairs pursue their own course, and quietly as possible, to my mind's excited condition, await my arrest.

Two Detectives Arrive.

On April 17, whilst seated in the store, two government detectives arrived and inquired for me. I went from the office and met them, when a letter was handed me by one of them, purporting to have been sent from my father, in which it was stated that a communication written to John Wilkes Booth, March 27, had been found within Booth's trunk, which seemed to connect me in some way with the deed committed and advising me to state all I knew concerning it.

After perusing it, the detectives asked whether I intended to comply with the request of my father. I stated yes, and told them that I knew nothing concerning it, nor was I at any time in any manner connected with Booth or others. It became necessary from Booth's betrayal of me (no matter whether it emanated from malice or forgetfulness) to become a witness against myself, and I was forced to acknowledge that I had been at one period engaged with Booth in a scheme to attempt the abduction of Abraham Lincoln, but that I was totally disconnected with him or any other persons at this period in any unlawful undertaking.

I was then asked by the detectives if the communication found in Booth's trunk was written by me. I desired to be informed of some of its contents or expressions, where headed from and when dated. They gave me the desired information—where dated from and how signed—when, without hesitation or denial, I acknowledged it was penned by me. I did not deny writing it, as sworn by Horner, when a witness on the stand, neither could it be expected that acknowledgment would be made to a communication before its contents were in a measure made known, as it was just as likely to have been written by some one else as by myself.

Other Names Mentioned.

The detectives were the first to mention the name of O'Laughlin, Surratt and Atzerodt, and I was informed that O'Laughlin had given himself up. Finding that suspicion had centred itself upon those with whom I had been associated, in conjunction with my betrayal by Booth, I deemed it necessary in justice not only to myself, but to those with whom I had been formerly connected, to state the whole truth, as embodied in the statement made on the 18th of April in Marshal McPhail's office, in Baltimore.

After my acknowledgement to the foregoing facts I was taken into the back part of the storehouse, my person and baggage searched and property of a private nature confiscated, which to this day has never been returned, although I have repeatedly asked its restitution. There was nothing found of a compromising nature among my effects, because I had no correspondence with any one during the time that I was employed by Mr. Wharton.

I was then turned over to the military authorities, conveyed to a prison pen, where I remained during the best part of the day without a morsel of food and quizzed by some of the inmates, who seemed to be void of both reason and sense. In the afternoon I was brought before the provost marshal at Fortress Monroe, when I remained in the presence of its military dignitary for upward of half an hour, and was thence conveyed to the steamboat, arriving in the city of Baltimore the next morning, and confined in the office of Provost Marshal McPhail, where I remained for the most part of the day.

Whilst there I was treated humanely, and the requirements of nature were fully provided. After sending for my father and seeing him, I made my written statement, requesting that I should make it in duplicate form so that he should be the possessor of a copy. The request was denied, why, can only be learned through the then secretary of war and the judge advocate general of the United States.

"Blinded by Gold."

'Tis a useless task I feel to attempt to controvert testimony adduced upon my trial, as emanating from verbal statements made by me, as witnesses were blinded by the amount of glittering gold, as their reward, large sums having been offered for the apprehension of anyone suspected of being connected with the crime. I pronounce the little that was adduced against me, through a detective, as false in its impressions and perverted of truth, many words being transposed and others added, materially changing the whole tenor of its meaning.

But of this, at this time, I have naught to do. Let the record of that infamous proceeding stand, in all its branches, with its false swearing, subornation of perjury, its hireling witnesses—a towering monument of infamy, commemorating the corruptness and baseness of the hour. I deal alone with truth, acts of heartless inhumanity, cruelty and tyranny meted me by the government of the United States, before any charge as yet had been preferred or guilt (with all the base measures adopted to secure it) had been established in the case of any.

From the period of my arrest until April 18, 1865, whilst I was under the charge and custody of Col. Wooley, my treatment was conducted upon principles of humanity and kindness. It was not until I was turned over to the custody of the commanding officer at Fort McHenry that harsh and cruel measures were resorted to, from orders no doubt emanating from Edwin M. Stanton, secretary of war. I was placed in a loathsome and filthy cell, branded by suspicion as a felon, robbed of my liberty, resting under the grave charge of being implicated in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln.

A Confederate Prisoner.

This of itself was sufficient torture to one who possessed a sensitive nature, without the additional acts of inhumanity heaped upon me. There happened to be a confederate prisoner of war occupying one of the small cells back of the one in which I was confined. I recognized his voice, we having been friends and companions from our earliest youth, and entered into conversation with him. This fact was reported by the sergeant of the guard to the officer of the day, and forthwith I was taken from my cell, brought before the one he occupied, carefully searched, this making some half-dozen times in all, thence conveyed to the quarters of the commanding officer, who interrogated me to his heart's content, becoming as wise in the matter wherewith I was charged as I was myself, which seemed to displease him, if actions afterward may be a criterion to judge by.

Calling his orderly, who was in attendance, I was committed to his charge, conducted to the guardhouse, stripped and thoroughly searched again. I was then thrown into a dungeon, beneath the earthwork of the fort, heavily ironed, hand and foot, where not a ray of light could penetrate, and left to muse with myself in total darkness, no place to lie but the damp, slimy floor, void of covering of any description beneath or above. Looking upon the rough visage of my guardian or jailer as the door opened, I attempted to read his heart by the expression of his face, but found it as callous and as cold as the other, from which but little could be expected.

He was a soldier every inch. I requested a blanket be furnished me, to keep myself warm, which request was unexpectedly complied with in the course of half an hour or so. The massive doors of iron creaked on their rusty hinges, as it was again closed, shutting out every ray of light, leaving a feeling like unto one buried in a grave. Food soon after, in the shape of bread and coffee, was brought, as reported by the sergeant, it being impossible to penetrate the darkness, and I was then left alone, a sentinel, like unto a bronze statue, keeping guard before my iron doored cell.

Reptiles for Bedfellows.

Covering my person, head and foot, to prevent rats and poisonous reptiles from coming in contact with my body, I soon was wrapped in sleep, out of which, at midnight, I was rudely aroused, brought again to the guardhouse and ordered to dress myself in quick haste. Surprised at such movements and utterly confounded, I attempted to fathom the surroundings, as to these mysterious actions. I thought the days of the French revolution, with its hideous and barbarous murders, were going to be re-enacted in the republic, and that I was thus taken out to be either shot or hung. Callous and indifferent to my fate, with my usual haste, I dressed myself as instructed.

As soon as I was in readiness, a balance was driven up to the guardhouse and I was weighed with my heavy irons and, with an armed escort, was driven to the Camden street depot, where I was turned over again to Marshal McPhail and his accompanying detectives, who transferred me (after the weighty irons had been removed and those of lighter material placed upon my wrists) to a special car in attendance, whence I was transported to Washington.

Maintained Silence.

During my trip there my lips were sealed to those by whom I was surrounded, I being determined not to let them manufacture testimony against me. On arrival in Washington I was placed in a hack and driven to the navy yard, where I was in the hands of the United States government. They confined me in a narrow and limited apartment, used as a close aboard an iron-clad monitor and its of torturous manufacture were placed upon my wrists, and I had nothing but the hard, uneven surface of the closet to lie upon. The irons were so tightly fitted that the blood could not circulate, and my hands became fearfully swollen, the outward skin changing its appearance to a mixture of black, red and purple color. This fact was reported to Capt. Munroe, who kindly had them changed and a pair that fitted easier placed upon me. The heat was intense. The atmosphere breathed was obtained through a register, as it was puffed up by fans used for this purpose. It more frequently happened than otherwise that the machine was not at work, which caused a suffocating sensation to creep over me. To sleep was an impossibility, on account of the extreme pain accruing from the torturous irons used.

[TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW.]

Justin J. Dwyer 12-11-02

ONE LINCOLN CONSPIRATOR STILL LIVES.

Samuel B. Arnold, Whose Death Has Been Announced, Was Last But One of Men Implicated In the Tragedy

The death of Samuel B. Arnold, one of the Lincoln conspirators, reported in the press dispatches recently, has turned the attention to the fact that only one of the Lincoln conspirators is now living, John Surratt. Mary E. Surratt, David E. Herold, George A. Ttzerodt and Lewis Payne were hanged. Samuel Arnold, Dr. Samuel A. Mudd and Michael O'Laughlin were sentenced to imprisonment for life, and Edward Spangler for six years—all of them at some place to be designated by President Johnson. They were first sent to Albany, N. Y., and later to the military prison at Dry Tortugas, Fla. All these are dead.

Men who were in one way or another involved in the tragedy are now and then heard of, usually when they die. Last winter one of these men passed away in the person of James Pumphrey, a popular and well to do citizen of the District of Columbia for more than fifty years. Up to the early '80s he was the proprietor of a livery stable on C street, in the rear of the National hotel, which stands at the corner of Sixth and Pennsylvania avenue, near the Pennsylvania depot. It was Pumphrey who hired to John Wilkes Booth the horse on which Booth made his escape from the city after the shooting.

Booth had for a considerable time been in the habit of hiring horses at

the Pumphrey stable, and so he was readily given one on the night in question. When the news of the assassination got aboard over the city, Pumphrey, with others, set out to try to capture Booth, but he was halted by the military guard at the Washington end of the Anacosta bridge. Booth and Herold had crossed this bridge a short time previously. Had he not been stopped, it is believed that Pumphrey, who knew southern Maryland well, and its people, would have overtaken Booth, perhaps before the next morning. Booth killed Pumphrey's horse, as he lay concealed in the woods of Charles county awaiting ferriage across the Potomac. Federal cavalry were scouring the country, and he feared the horse might betray him.

The old Ford's theater, in which Lincoln was shot, still presents much the same appearance, so far as the exterior is concerned, that it did in the '60s. It is now owned and occupied by the government. Across the street from it is the dwelling in which Lincoln died, he having been taken there from the theater after the shooting. This building is also owned by the government and contains the famous Oldroyd collection of Lincoln relics. These buildings are on Tenth street, half way the block below F, in the heart of the fashionable, retail district.

Conspirators (Assassination)

"What were the names of the persons engaged in the plot to assassinate President LINCOLN, and how was each disposed of?" JOHN WILKES BOOTH was the assassin. He was followed into Virginia, and overtaken by a small squad of cavalry on the night of April 25th. He and HAROLD, an accomplice, were secreted in a barn on GARRETT's farm, a short distance from Port Royal. The barn was surrounded and the inmates summoned to surrender. HAROLD came out, but BOOTH refused to surrender. The barn was fired and he made a rush towards the door; at that moment he was shot in the back of the head by Sergeant BOSTON CORBETT. He was carried to the veranda of GARRETT's house, where he died in about three hours. The persons who were convicted of aiding and abetting the crime were: Mrs. M. E. SURRETT, LEWIS PAYNE POWELL, GEO. A. ATZEROTT, DAVID D. HAROLD, Dr. MUDD, ARNOLD and O'LOUGHLIN. Of these, Mrs. SURRETT, POWELL, ATZEROTT and HAROLD were tried in Washington by a military commission, convicted and sentenced to death on the 6th day of July, 1865, and hung the next day. Dr. MUDD, ARNOLD and O'LOUGHLIN were also convicted and sentenced to confinement for life at the Dry Tortugas, but were pardoned by ANDREW JOHNSON towards the close of his official term. JOHN H. SURRETT was also implicated in the assassination. He fled to Canada where he remained some months, and then went to Liverpool. He did not remain there long, but went to Rome, where he enlisted in the papal guards under the name of John Watson. He was discovered there, however, and arrested at Teroli, in Italy, but managed to escape by plunging down a ravine, making a leap of twenty-three feet. Wounded by his fall, he crawled off to a hospital, and after a few days resumed his flight. He went to Egypt and was there, again captured by order of our Minister, Mr. Hale, and sent to this country. He was tried by a civil court at Washington, but acquitted on the ground of insufficient evidence. He is now living in Baltimore, Maryland.

The Boy Who Helped

1922

[By Edna F. Gorman]

FIFTY-SEVEN years ago this month—July 7, to be exact—the assassins of President Lincoln paid with their lives the penalty of murder. There is one man and only one, it is believed, who survives today to tell first-hand some forgotten details in the trial of the little band of fanatics whom history suggests were but the servants of their leader, John Wilkes Booth.

This man is Alfred C. Gibson, a Philadelphian, who lives in Germantown and who relates rather proudly that he was clerk of the tribunal which tried the conspirators and that he kept an accurate check of their movements while in prison awaiting their fate. As one who had an active part in the final act of justice, Mr. Gibson came in close touch with the prisoners.

He is a gentleman of the old school—Mr. Gibson. Erect and alert despite his years, he is as interested in the life of today as he is full of reminiscences of the past.

Enlisted at sixteen.

"I enlisted at the age of sixteen," he said, telling me the story in the quiet study of his delightful home. "Men were sorely needed and my story of being regulation age wasn't as closely investigated as it would have been earlier in the war. And you may be certain that when you see a man like me, still able to step along briskly in the G. A. R. parades, he couldn't permit red tape in regard to a few years to interfere with his eager desire to serve his country. I enlisted in the 215th Pennsylvania volunteers, the last regiment to be formed in Pennsylvania. And almost immediately after I reached camp in Virginia, where I was made a fifer, the war was at an end.

"And then came the terrible news of Lincoln's assassination, which sent not only our own country, but the whole world into mourning. From the highest officer to the rank and file the troops were grief-stricken. Every soldier felt that he had lost a friend. We watched with breathless interest the hunt for the murderer and his accomplices. With the whole country aroused, they could not long remain uncaptured, and since Lincoln's own proclamation declaring the country under military rule had never been rescinded, they were tried by military commission.

"This commission assembled May 9, 1865. General Hartranft, who was afterward Governor of Pennsylvania, was made provost marshal in charge of the prisoners. Each regiment was ordered to send in the hand-writing of one man that a clerk might be chosen for the proceedings."

It is interesting to note the trick of fate by which Mr. Gibson was the lucky soldier. One readily pictures

*Auditor General's Office
Harrisburg, Penna.
July 31, 1866*

To all whom it may concern.

I most respectfully recommend Alfred C. Gibson of Philadelphia late private in the 214th P. Penna. Vols. as an industrious and faithful as well as competent clerk. He served as such, at the military prison in the Washington Arsenal during the confinement and trial of the conspirators in 1865, with entire satisfaction.

Yours &c

*J. W. Hartranft
Late Brig. Genl.
U. S. A.*

THE LETTER BY GENERAL HARTRAFT CERTIFYING TO YOUNG GIBSON'S SERVICE AS CLERK



ALFRED GIBSON

Convict Lincoln's Assassins



GIBSON AT THE TIME HE WAS CLERK TO THE TRIBUNAL THAT CONVICTED LINCOLN'S ASSASSINS

him a jaunty and good-looking young fifer, and the colonel had at once made him orderly. It sounded great. But alas! Like every other orderly of every other colonel, he was kept so busy looking after his officer that he had not time to look after himself. They arrived at the end of the first day's march in a cold, drizzling rain. And when at last his superior was all nicely fixed up for the night the young orderly found the company quartered and himself without a tent. His only refuge was the one-man tent of the little negro water boy. He curled up around the pole, cramped and crowded. And he awoke the next morning stiff, chilled and with an edge-wise disposition. So that some of the colonel's snappy orders met with an equally snappy rejoinder. And in double-quick time there was a new orderly. The lieutenant-colonel realized that young Gibson would be better off under another command after this, and he advised him to send a sample of his writing to General Hartranft. It was remarkably legible writing, and the lieutenant may have added a few words of his own, being a friend of Gibson's father. At any rate, he got the post and left, the luckiest soldier in all the Union armies!

In Old Capitol Prison.

The eight prisoners were confined in the old Capitol prison. Washington. Here the general and his staff were also quartered. It was the duty of young Gibson to keep a record of the prisoners. Each day he had to record the time of their meals, their going to and from their cells, the

march to the trial room, their physical condition and the time of their exercises. All this was made into a condensed report for General Hancock, who was in charge of the military district. They were taken into the arsenal yard each day for exercises, and Mr. Gibson frequently pitched quilts with them.

John Wilkes Booth had already been killed in a barn while resisting arrest, after suffering agonies from his badly set broken leg. His body was brought back to Washington, and in consideration of public sentiment was secretly buried under one of the cells in the very prison where his co-conspirators were shortly to be brought.

Did the soul of John Wilkes Booth stand guard with them in their hour of trial? Was his spirit ever present, brooding bitterly over the outcome of his fanatical plans? As they went brokenly up the steps to the scaffold, was his hand on their shoulder, helping them to bear the penalty which the weaving of his web had brought?

"I am a firm believer in the justice of the verdict as it was rendered," says Mr. Gibson. "A military commission makes its findings on evidence alone, and can not be swayed by sentiment. I saw no evidences of regret from any of the prisoners for the part they had played, although I believe their actions were not the result of personal enmity against Lincoln, but from the misguided following of another's reasoning. We came to believe that they had not fully realized the extent and the consequences of the plot in which they had become involved. How far Booth himself may have been influenced must always remain a matter of conjecture.

Seemed Resigned to Fate.

"They seemed resigned to their fate, and those sentenced to life on Dry Tortugas seemed glad to have saved their necks, even at such a price. These were Dr. Mudd, who had set Booth's broken leg and did a very poor job of it with pasteboards and amateurish bandages; Arnold, and Michael O'Laughlin, who was to have killed General Grant. O'Laughlin expressed gratitude for his treatment while a prisoner, and presented me with a pair of sleeve buttons. General Grant was one of the witnesses at the trial, and I have been called 'the only man who ever made General Grant stop smoking.' It being an arsenal, there were signs posted prohibiting smoking. And as the general walked up and down the corridor with his pipe in his mouth I considered it my duty to point out these signs to him.

"I beg your pardon, I had the audacity to say to the commander of all the Union armies, 'did you read those?'"

"General Grant was a military man. He realized the disciplinary value of obeying orders, and he emptied his pipe, pocketed it and never again smoked during the trial."

General Lew Wallace was a member of the commission, afterward becoming the well-known novelist famous as the author of "Ben-Hur." The reporter whose notes were taken as the official record of the trial was Benn Pitman, that wizard of curves

and strange lines, who is the stenographer's first aid to fame.

Four prisoners were hanged: Atzerodt, Payne, who made the terrible attack on Secretary Seward; Herold and Mrs. Surratt. Mrs. Surratt's daughter never ceased her efforts in behalf of her mother. On the morning of the execution she came to the prison for a last farewell. As the prisoners were led from their cells, a staff officer and a spiritual adviser on either side of each, she threw herself face downward on the bed in young Gibson's room and gave way to her grief. Had she raised her head she might have looked out on the scaffold, but she did not do so.

10,000 Troops Assembled.

General Hancock, fearing an attempt to rescue the conspirators, had assembled 10,000 troops and few persons were allowed to witness the hanging. But with the irrepressible spirit of youth, young Gibson was in the front row.

"After the bodies were taken down," said Mr. Gibson, "it was my duty as clerk to write the name of each on a slip of paper. These were placed in small glass phials such as apothecaries use. Each was hermetically sealed and placed in the coffin of the one whose name it bore. The bodies were then buried in a corner of the arsenal yard. Years afterward, when public feeling had subsided and the friends of the condemned were permitted to take the bodies, these slips were the only means of identification.

"Edwin Booth, whose entire after life was saddened by his brother's crime, and who for five years after the assassination gave up the stage altogether, took the body of John Wilkes Booth to a cemetery in Baltimore, where it now rests.

"Gruesome as it seems, the wood from the scaffold was made into canes, and these, with pieces of the rope used in the hangings, were given out as souvenirs. I received one of each, but later gave both away. I need no memento to recall the poignant grief of that sad time."

Mr. Gibson, after being mustered out, returned to Philadelphia, and completed high school, being graduated in 1867. The class, of which but eighteen now remain, holds a reunion each year.

With a letter of recommendation from General Hartranft, he obtained a position with a gas fixture firm and retired a few years ago as owner of the Gibson Gas Fixture Works. Most business men of thirty years ago will recall his celebrated three-year fight on the trusts, when he became known the country over as "the trust buster."

He is a member of the Site and Relic Society, the Manufacturers' Club, Ethical Culture Society and, of course, the G. A. R. He is exceptionally fond of travel and delights in walking trips.

"When I had an automobile," he confides with a smile, "we went too fast. There were so many interesting spots which I missed. I was forever telling the chauffeur to stop and back up. So I gave up autoing and now make my trips on foot."

His life has touched one of the saddest happenings of all American history, and one on which we will forever look back with tear-dimmed memory. For time has no power to dim the reverence in which we hold the name of Abraham Lincoln.

(Copyright, Philadelphia Public Ledger)

LINCOLN CONSPIRATORS

E. C. P.

An effort was made to implicate the Confederacy in the plot at the trial. The punishment of the guilty varied. Edward Spangler, a scene-shifter at Ford's Theatre, who was accused of preparing the President's box for the assassination and of assisting Booth to escape, was given six years' imprisonment. Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, a Confederate sympathizer, who set Booth's leg and gave him rest and refreshment, was condemned to life imprisonment, as were Arnold and O'Laughlin, who had returned to Baltimore after the abduction attempt had failed. (All of these were later pardoned by President Johnson on March 21, 1869, with the exception of O'Laughlin, who died of yellow fever September 23, 1867, at Fort Jefferson, Dry Tortugas Island, Florida.)

Everybody's Column of March 20 had a long article dealing with Booth's death. He was shot, or as some believe, committed suicide, when he was captured in a barn.

PHILADELPHIA

4-2-3

A woman and three men are hanged as Booth's fellow conspirators (continued)



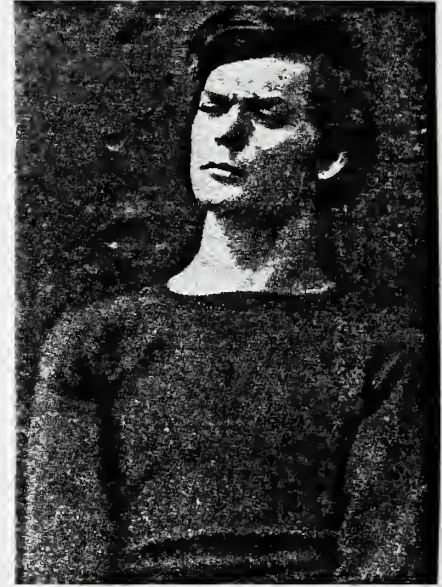
Mrs. Mary Surratt, 45, a pious widow and mother, kept the Washington lodging house where conspirators met to plan their deeds.



George Atzerodt, 33, carriage-maker and Confederate spy, was deputized to kill Vice President Johnson, but lost his nerve.



David Herold, 19, a feeble-minded clerk, accompanied Booth on his flight, came out when they were cornered in Garrett's barn.



Lewis Powell, 20, a strapping Confederate veteran, got into Secretary of State Seward's bedroom and slashed his throat with a knife.

6

HART BLUMENTHAL
PHILADELPHIA

June 9, 1938.

Dr. Louis J. Warren, Editor,
Lincoln Lore,
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Dear Dr. Warren:-

I should like you to clear up a few points for me that came about in a recent discussion.

As I remember, the names of all that were tried in connection with the conspiracy to assassinate Lincoln were as follows:

Mary E. Surratt
David E. Herold
Lewis Payne
George A. Atzevodd
Michael O'Laughlin
Samuel A. Mudd
Edward Spangler
Samuel Arnold

Will you kindly inform me what the sentence was imposed on each of the above, and the names of those who executed the criminals sentenced to death?

With kind greetings,

Cordially yours,


HART BLUMENTHAL

Rittenhouse Plaza Apts.
Phila., Pa.

June 23, 1938

Mr. Hart Blumenthal
Rittenhouse Plaza Apts.
Philadelphia, Pa.

My dear Mr. Blumenthal:

You will please find on the attached sheet the names of those connected with the Lincoln conspiracy and also the sentence which they received. I regret the lateness in forwarding this information.

Very truly yours,

LAW:BS
Enc.

Director

Condemnation and Sentences of the Assassins

Washington, July 6. --- In accordance with the findings and sentences of the Military Commission which the President approved yesterday, David E. Harrold, Lewis Payne, Mrs. Surratt and George A. Atzerodt are to be hung to-morrow, by the proper military authorities.

Dr. Mudd, Arnold and O'Laughlin are to be imprisoned for life, and Spangler for six years, all at hard labor, in the Albany Penitentiary.

John Surratt was tried on the conspiracy charge in 1867, but was not convicted.

The sentences of the other conspirators who were imprisoned were also changed so that they served very little time.

LINCOLN'S ASSASSINS 8-9-42

By what courts were the conspirators in Lincoln's assassination tried? Were they all executed? E. C.

Eight persons accused of being implicated in the conspiracy to assassinate President Lincoln were tried before a military commission (May 10-June 29, 1865) appointed by President Johnson and headed by Major General David Hunter. All were found guilty and four, including George A. Atzerodt, Lewis Payne, David E. Herold, and Mary E. Surratt, were hanged on July 7, 1865. Samuel Arnold, Michael O'Laughlin, Edward Spangler and Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, were sentenced to imprisonment in Fort Jefferson, Dry Tortugas Island, Fla., where O'Laughlin died of yellow fever. The others were later pardoned by President Johnson.

Mrs. Surratt's son, John H. Surratt, who had fled the country, was not brought to trial until 1867 when the jury failed to agree and his case was dismissed.

John Wilkes Booth died on April 26, 1865 as he was about to be captured by a band of soldiers and detectives. Due to conflicting reports it is not clear whether he shot himself or was killed by another.

PHILADELPHIA

Inquirer

165 LINCOLN'S MURDER. SAMUEL B. ARNOLD (Conspirator and associate of John Wilkes Booth), A. Manuscript (not signed), 8 full pages, folio, no date. Accompanied by a ticket to the trial of the conspirators, signed by General David Hunter. --- (750.00)

Entitled "The Trial and its Object," this remarkable manuscript is Arnold's own account of the role he played in the conspiracy to kidnap or murder Lincoln, with his comments and observations on the trial of the conspirators who survived Booth. Arnold discusses in some detail the unconstitutionality of the trial. "... When first brought before the Court, to plead to the charge & Specifications proffered, headless men appeared, hooded and weighted down in irons, nothing visible to them ... Rewards so bountifully offered by the Government, brought to the front hordes of perjurers, men without souls ... The secret (of the plot to abduct Lincoln) was kept so closely guarded, that none outside of those actually engaged in it possessed any knowledge pertaining to it, but, no sooner than the crime had been committed, than hordes presented themselves as witnesses ..."

Accusing Stanton of being a "master mind of cruelty," Arnold says that the Secretary of War had conspired to wreck the reputation of Jefferson Davis. Arnold vigorously denies his own guilt in the conspiracy, and cites evidence to prove that he had withdrawn from the plot before Lincoln was murdered.

A remarkable historic document of great rarity and interest, closely penned and entirely in Arnold's hand. The first page is age-stained, but otherwise the manuscript is in good condition. A display item which could serve as the cornerstone of a collection on the Lincoln conspiracy.

Charles Hamilton
March 19, 1964
(Auction No. 3)

Special Collections Department
Indiana State University
Terre Haute, Indiana

**Diary of John Henry Stevenson
alias of Michael O'Laughlin**

**Introductory Remarks
&
Diary Transcription**

as dictated to
Lottie Eaton

The following document contains a title page with source statement, a brief introduction, and 24 pages of text telling of the life of Michael O'Laughlin, before and after assuming the false identity of John Henry Stevenson. The introduction is dated February 9, 1891, over seven months after Stevenson's death on June 23, 1890. How the document came into the possession of Gladys Thurston of Yardley Pennsylvania has not been documented.

The transcription as a typewritten document would have occurred sometime later, closer to 1930, when Andrew Potter was engaged in restoring the content of documents which had been ravaged in the carriage house on the Lew Wallace estate. Andrew Potter was not a trained historian, and for the most part he did not keep convenient records dealing with provenance. As is often the case with the Potter Papers, authentication of the document often relies on the comparison of facts in one document against those disclosed in other documents or through research. The donors of the Neff-Guttridge Collection continue to conduct research, much of it having to do with provenance, so more information may be forthcoming about this document and others in the future.

The typewritten text contains many typographical errors and misspelled words. Nothing has been done to correct or document these errors.

It is known through official government documents obtained in photostat and held in the Neff-Guttridge Collection that O'Laughlin was reported as having died on September 27, 1867. Yet, according to this diary, he survived and had numerous adventures.

Diary of JOHN HENRY STEVENSON

Source: Mrs. Gladys Thurston
Yardley, Pennsylvania

When I was ten years old there was a man who came to the home of my benefactor, Miss Clara Barndt, in Muscatine County, Iowa. The year was 1882 and my parents had died in the Flu epidemic of 1878. I had gone to live with neighbors until 1880, when the Brandt sisters took me in and I became the legal ward of Miss Clara. Mr. John B. Stevenson came to the Brandt home in the fall of 1882 and lived out the rest of his life there. When he died in 1890 they laid him to rest in a plot of ground overlooking the mighty Mississippi River, awaiting that day when all the faithful will arise and be with their Christ in the realm of Glory.

The narrative which is here presented is an exact duplication of the story that he told me in order that I might record it. I gave him my solemn promise that during his lifetime I would not reveal it. With his passing, I am relieved of that promise. I am therefore telling the story in his exact words knowing full well that there are many who will say I made the whole thing up. It truly does sound fantastic but I believe it to be true since I learned to know and love the man who told it to me, and know him to be a man of God and of truth. However, the reader will have to take it as it is or reject it as he chooses. I have no proof of its truth, other than the word of a gentleman.

Lottie Eaton
Davenport, Iowa

February 9, 1891

The Story of John B. Stevenson:

Each man has something to be proud of and something to be ashamed of. With some, the things to be proud of far outweigh the things of which he is ashamed. When I look back over the years of my life, I find few things of which I am proud and so very many things of which I am so very much ashamed. My life has not been so very long for I have lived less than 50 years on this earth and am not bound to live many more but even now I feel a terrible sense of guilt and remorse for the life which I have led.

At a very early age I learned to gamble and found it to practically obsess my every waking hour. I always carried playing cards with me and I most often found someone with which to play for ~~money~~^{money}. I became very adept at card tricks and was very skilled in gambling. I soon found that my closest friends would not play cards with me and I had to look for others to take money from. It was a more difficult task with strangers for I seldom had enough money to interest them. I also became much impressed with the taste as well as the effects of strong drink. I was fair game for lewd and licentious women and while I was still a young man I contracted a disease which was to make me unable to father a child. I spent much time with the harlots of the Baltimore waterfront and reaped the rewards of wordly living; a life of misery and remorse.

My greatest sin came when I became involved in that terrible scheme which turned into the assassination plot and indeed the assassssination of Abraham Lincoln. It was notttto beea plot to kill but as is often the case, those who planned it did not rechon with the irrationality of Mr. John Wilkes Booth. The plan was to abduct and hold the president, vice-president, and the secretary of state, and to intimidate the others in the cabinet into cooperation. But this is not the way it happened as the world well knows.

The story of the plot really began in 1858 although it was not recognized by its participants at that time. I was in the City of Baltimore and was without money or proper possessions. I was without a job and had very poor prospects. I went into a tavern and spent the last money I had for a drink. As I was prone to do on every occassion which presented itself, I took my cards from my pocket and

began to shuffle them. I was soon approached by a total stranger who offered to buy me a drink. I readily accepted and soon found myself in conversation with him. He offered to play me at cards and even loaned me a dollar for a stake. I very shortly had won over a hundred dollars from him. He then made me a proposition. He was looking for a partner who could strip an old man of his money. It seems that a family named "Martin" had driven a herd of cattle into Baltimore from Berkly County, Virginia, and had sold them. The three sons went off to get drunk as they were wont to do on every occasion which presented itself. The father, who was holding the money, went off looking for a card game. My new partner had come in with them and he was looking, and had found someone who could take the father's money. I was promised half of the winnings. He had gambled with me to find out if I was good with cards.

Within one hour I was playing cards with Father Martin. By midnight I had won over five hundred dollars and by the time the sun came up I had taken over \$2100 from him, his entire supply of cash. He made out a bill of sale for a 31-acre farm in Virginia and slid it across the table to me. He told me that he would give me the farm for the \$2100. I told him that I would not do it since I had not seen the farm. He then insisted at the point of a gun. I gave him the money and took the bill of sale. We began to gamble again and within a few minutes I had won another \$300 from him. He became very angry and accused me of cheating him, which I was not, and left to find his sons, stating that he would come back and get his bill of sale back as well as his money. I believed that he would and told my partner so. My partner took the \$300 and left me with the bill of sale. I left the area and saw no more of the partner or the father or the sons, which made me not sad at all. I had about \$20 that I had won from my short-time partner and which I had secreted in my boot, as well as the bill of sale, the value of which I did not know.

About a month later I happened to be in the "Lady's Slipper" when John Wilkes Booth came in. I had owed him about \$400 for many months and when we met he bought me a drink, as he was wont to do. While we talked I thought of the Bill of sale

and withdrew it from my pocket. I told him that I had a fine farm for sale and told him that I would make him a bargain of it. He took the bill of sale and after examining it, asked me to come to a lawyers with it. We went to see a lawyer and within an hour had made a deal. He gave me \$1000 and cancelled my debt to him in exchange for the bill of sale. It turned out to be a very fine farm. I did not go there until almost ten years later and then under the most changed conditions which I will presently describe.

I did not see Wilkes again until about six months after his marriage. He sent me a note asking me to meet him at the railroad station. We had some oysters together and he was looking for one of his lady friends who he had not seen since before he was married. He had kept the marriage a complete secret due to his being on the stage and depended on his image as a debonaire bachelor, even though he was only 20 years old. He had a way with the ladies and it was not long before he found the lady he was seeking and they soon left arm in arm. I was not to see him for three days. Then we had more oysters and brandy together. He did not speak of what had happened, for he never did, but was full of praises of the food and drink. We were together for hours talking and drinking. Just before he had to catch his train, he leaned forward and said to me that his wife was going to have a child. Thinking that he would be happy, I grasped his hand and congratulated him but he became very angry, and said that he did not want any child, nor did he want a wife. He had married her in a fit of passion and his passion for her had cooled. He poured out his heart to me that he felt so shackled by marriage and that he was sorry that he had married. He said that he loved the woman but that he was sorry that he had married her. The truth was, whether John Wilkes Booth knew it or not, that he never loved anyone but himself. This was his central weakness and yet his total strenght. He always acted to his own advantage and to the advantage of others only if it advanced his own plans. No one was to know this better than I nor did anyone ever discover this fact in a more difficult manner.

I don't know just when it was that he first approached me and attempted to get me into the plot for it was at first I thought it to be part of his play-acting

manner which was his nature. I had seen this part of his nature at his home at Bel-Air when we were children. It was when I was visiting him and his guests (a couple of children, a girl and two boys, who spent the summer at the Booth home) and we would play the exciting games which children were wont to play. Wilkes had read a book about a wicked French Nobleman named the Duc dl la Vocke, a man who had taken unfair advantage of the poor maiden Elain'. He had forced her to be his unwilling guest or he would send her father to prison. The story was quite silly and morbid but it caught Wilkes fancy and he decided that we were to act out the parts. A young lad named Claude was to be the Duc, the guest by the name of Susan was to play Elain', and a colored boy by the name of Jake was to be the footman. Wilkes was to be Sir Giraud, the knight that rescued the fair Elain' (she had buck teeth and pimples and legs like toothpicks). I was to assist Wilkes as his squire. Elain', the Duc and the footman were on a spring wagon pulled by a pony and Wilkes and I were each on a pony. Wilkes had a stick which he used as a sword. As the wagon came up the road, Wilkes became so enthused by the action that he rode up and knocked the poor unsuspecting Jake form the wagon with a thrust of his "sword" and the wheel of the wagon passed over his leg, badly bruising it and for all we knew, breaking it. I pulled up short and want to see about Jake while Wilkes persued the wagon in a cloud of dust. I helped poor Jake to the house and had him taken care of. When Wilkes came up he gave me the very devil for leaving him without a squire. He could not understand that in play, when someone is hurt, the play is stopped and the injury tended. To him, the play was the most important thing and all else must revolve about it. This was to be his, and our downfall in the years to come.

He boarded the train for New York and I was not to see him for several weeks.

He then sent me a note saying that he must see me as soon as possible. I met him at a restaurant on Fayette Street and we had dinner together. I was without funds as usual and he knew it. While we are he asked me if I would like to make a few hundred dollars. I told him that I most certainly would. He then introduced me to a "Major Harris" and the three of us sat together for our brandy. The "Major said

that he had need of men that he could trust in a business endeavor which he was starting. He offered me three hundred dollars if I would make a trip to Montreal for him and deliver a package to him in New York. I agreed to do it and all the arrangements were made. I went to Montreal and returned with the package which was only about 4 inches by 4 inches by 8 inches and weighed about 2 pounds. I had no trouble getting it back to him and felt that I had made a quick \$300. When he approached me again in about a month, I again made the trip for him for the same amount. I made a total of five trips in as many months. To this day I do not know what was in the packages but I know it must have been dishonest or I would not have been paid so handsomely.

A daughter was born to Wilkes in the late Fall, November I believe. His wife was living on the farm in Virginia and she had with her the darkies owned by Wilkes. The farm was small and did not provide other than pasture for his horses and two milk cows but Izola enjoyed it there. Wilkes made infrequent trips to the farm and would then spend about a week each time. He had a good income by this time and he kept his family well supplied except for his presence.

When the war started I saw Wilkes on infrequent occasions until 1863. In the Spring of that year I again met Wilkes in Baltimore and he had Major Harris with him. We met in the "Lady's Slipper" and had dinner together. The Major then asked me if I would like to work for him again. I said that I would. This time he had a different mission for me and I went west into Indiana. I went with two other men and we made a trip to Owenboro, Kentucky which lay just South of the Ohio River. While there we met a Mr. Watson who was very anxious to hear about Booth and "his plan". I did not then know what the plan was or that a plan existed, but Watson knew of it. When I returned to Baltimore I asked Wilkes about it. He then took me into his confidence and told me about it.

The plan was to kidnap the president, the vice-president and the secretary of state and take them someplace where they could not be found. There were a number of Confederate secret service men assigned to the plan. The main backing was in the North however, and was from here that most of the money was to come. I have in

later years thought much of this and I cannot think that all of the persons involved had the same motives. It appears that many persons with completely opposite desires were assisting the plan, each thinking that in the end he would control the activity. None knew Wilkes Booth nor how to reckon with him. I do not know how much money was behind the plan but I do know that it was more than a quarter million dollars. There were treasury notes to the extent of over \$150,000 and there were large amounts of greenbacks. Booth had received \$80,000 in gold coin of foreign mintage in early 1863 and had been forced to bury it in order to not become suspect. Gold coin of foreign mintage when redeemed made anyone immediately suspect by the government since this was the method of operation of smugglers. Gold coins of foreign origin had to be taken out of the country to be redeemed. Booth took the coins to his farm in Virginia and secreted them there. In the fall of 1863 Booth discovered that the treasury notes were duplicates of numbers and that due to the treasury scandals, all of that type had been called in. In order to redeem them one had to give his name when they were redeemed. The redemption of so large an amount would certainly arouse suspicion. Wilkes took these to his farm and hid them. It was about this time that Wilkes began to run short of cash. He had a fortune in his possession but he could not use it. He had invested in oil in Pennsylvania and had made other expenditures which drained heavily on his resources. He became involved in smuggling operations with a Canadian shipping firm. Major Harris had disappeared some six months earlier and none seemed to know what became of him. Booth filled in the gap. It was necessary to get quinine to the confederacy and Wilkes became determined to do it.

Since I knew a great deal about the operations of Major Harris, Wilkes enlisted me to assist him. I made another trip to Indiana and Kentucky. My trip into Indiana was without incident but when I got near to the Ohio river I was frequently stopped by patrols and my person and wagon carefully scrutinized. My story was that I was going to Owenboro to visit relatives. I gave the names of two men who lived there but who were not connected with the smuggling. When they had assured themselves that I did not carry any contraband they let me go. I proceeded across the river and into

Owenboro. I crossed the river on a ferry boat which was run by an old man with a long grey beard. He chewed tobacco and drooled the juice down over his vest. I remembered him from previous crossings. When we were almost across, the old man sidled up to me and whispered, "Doctor Magill wants to see you. He has been waiting for you for several weeks." This puzzled me since it was only about a week before when I had decided to come. I asked him where I could find Dr. Magill. He instructed me on how to find the doctor's home. I waited until dark and then went there. I knocked at the front door and the door was answered by a colored butler. I asked for the Doctor and told him that Mr. John Stevenson was calling. In a few minutes the butler returned and instructed me to go into the library and wait. I did as I was told. I waited for about half an hour when two men came into the hall and since the door to the library was ajar, I heard what they talked about. Doctor Magill was talking to a "Major". They were discussing the terrible shortage of medical supplies in Kentucky. Within a few minutes the Major left and the Doctor came into the library. He stopped short when he saw me and he looked very surprised. He took his cigar from his mouth and just stared for a minute. Then he said, "I do not know you sir."

I told him that I was a friend of Major Harris's and that I was there for the same purpose. I had never met the Doctor before but I had heard Major Harris speak of him. The doctor poured two brandy's. As we sipped them we were both silent until the brandy was finished. Then the doctor spoke, "What have you brought?" I told him that I had brought nothing but came to make the arrangements. He then asked me about quinine and opiates. I told him that I could get both for him if the price was right. We agreed on a price for both and method of communications were set up/ I left in about three hours. I returned a different way. The doctor told me how to go in order to miss the patrols. The doctor also had ways of procuring passes for the contraband. He had made contracts with Gen. _____ and Col. _____ of the union army and they supplied ways of getting the stuff to the confederates. Both these men felt that war should not be made against the sick and injured. They had made agreements with Dr. Magill, allowing him to act as go-between for the medicines.

When I returned to Baltimore I met Wilkes and we discussed the methods of getting the medicines to Dr. Magill. The doctor had supplied the names and addresses of

persons of his acquaintance who would help get the stuff to Kentucky. We went over the list and made plans for shipments. Shipments were made to Indiana by train and then sent the rest of the way by team, or messenger. Payment was made through Canadian banks, usually in gold and silver coinage of foreign mintage. Occasionally payment was made at some point in the U.S. and then it often became a problem. Anytime that large amounts of coins changed hands, the Detective Police would know about it and would investigate. We had a number of close calls.

Even though our smuggling business was a success, I was unable to get hold of any large amount of cash. I was being paid about \$20 at a time and I was always without money. I suppose that Wilkes knew that if I had money I would probably not show up but would be off with some woman, probably drunk, and so I got little money. I soon became tired of this and told Wilkes so. We had quite a hassle and it ended with me quitting his smuggling operation. Within a month I was back in and he was, for a short time paying me more. But the money was building up in the Canadian Banks (as well as English Banks) and it was practically impossible to get it into American banks without arousing suspicion. Wilkes had a great amount buried at his home in Virginia. By this time Wilkes was involved in so many things that it was difficult to see him or to know when he would show up. He had brought other people into the kidnapping plot and he was receiving large amounts of money from his friends in the government. At one time I met with Wilkes and a Captain Rodgers" in Washington. Captain Rodgers delivered a package to Wilkes and I later found that it contained a large number of Treasury Bonds. These later proved to be stolen from the treasury and were made up with duplicate numbers. At another time Wilkes was given a large number of "Greenbacks" which were new and difficult to spend since they were in consecutive numbers and crisp. At one time we discussed the possibility of selling the bonds and the greenbacks at a discount. Then Wilkes offered to buy them from me. I finally accepted \$1000 for my share of the contraband and thus thought to cleanse myself of the liability lest we get caught. How stupid I was.

It is all now history how the president was assassinated on April 14, 1865 at Ford's Theater but there were many things that happened which were not supposed to happen that way. Here is, for the first time, the facts about that deed as I knew them.

In the Spring of 1864 Wilkes had lunch with me at his Hotel in Washington City and during this luncheon he mentioned to me that he had been approached by a "high government official" and asked to carry out an assignment for the Government. I knew at the time that Booth had carried dispatches for the Confederacy and that his loyalty (if he had any such thing to other than himself) lay with the South. I could not imagine him working for the Union unless it had possible advantages for the South or himself. He then went on to explain that a man high in the government had offered to pay him to kidnap the president of the United States. I did not know whether to believe him or not, but as he talked I realized that the idea appealed to him. He then asked me to get Sam Arnold, Will White, Frank Jones and several others together and meet with him at the Cockeysville Inn in about a week, he would let me know just when. In about two weeks we met at the Inn and after about twenty minutes all except Sam and I had left, telling him that they wanted no part of it. The three of us then got drunk and no more was said of the kidnapping that day. About a week later I received a note from Wilkes asking me to meet him. I did and found that there were others there. Wilkes laid out the plot. The president, vice-president and secretary of state were to be kidnapped and spirited from the country. Then a provisional government would be designated by Congress. Wilkes emphasized the importance of keeping the nation in the dark as to the fate of the three kidnapped so that congress could act. Wilkes told us that there was "more than a quarter million dollars available to pay for the act." He also pointed out that we would all be heroes in both the north and the south.

I later talked with Wilkes and learned more of the details, A troop of cavalry would be raised and drilled in southern Maryland. They would be outfitted with stolen Federal ^{uniforms} ~~uniforms~~, arms and equipment. They would be drilled to perfection and would be in charge of a lieutenant in a stolen union uniform. The president would be kidnapped from the theatre by having one of his aides to go to the theatre during intermission and calling the president to the War Department. The troop of cavalry would then appear and furnish escort for the president. They would then go by the home of the Secretary of State and summon him into the same carriage. The Vice-president who lived at Kirkwood House would be summoned by a messenger and would be forced

into a carriage while on his way to the War Department. They would all three then be taken through Southern Maryland to a waiting ship on Chesapeake Bay. Arrangements had been made to allow the ship to get out of the Bay as well as to allow the carriages to get out of Washington. It could be anticipated that it would be several hours before the three would be missed. By this time it would be hard to tell where they had gone.

I do not know exactly what went wrong at Ford's Theatre that night. I was where I should have been on that night as was Sam Arnold. Sam was to have taken care of the disablement of the telegraph at Old Point Comfort but this he did not do. This did not figure in the failure however since the plan had gone so completely awry before the failure of the Fort Monroe telegraph was needed that this one small failure was insignificant.

The first thing that seems to have gone wrong was that the "troops" from southern Maryland got drunk when they got to Washington and only six showed up at the appointed place. These six were uniformed and equipped and the "lieutenant" led them to Ford's Theatre. But the Major (he was a genuine major and close to Lincoln) did not come. Wilkes decided to go ahead with himself assisting. When the lieutenant and his six men moved in to escort the president's carriage, a captain who had already been assigned the task of guarding the president, ordered the men away. They had no choice but to obey. Beyond this point I do not know what happened. The story told as fact by many who were there seems fantastic and so unlike what was planned. I have always thought that perhaps Wilkes was so frustrated (this was the fifth time that the plan had gone to the brink of success only to be called off) that he completely lost his reason and killed the president. This still would not account for the attempt against Seward. In any event, the ship was waiting at Benedicts Landing on the bay and a seaman had been sent to Dr. Mudd's to act as guide and contact man. Dr Mudd was a member of the "Doctor's Line" through southern Maryland. This was a group of doctors along a line through Maryland who would take in southerners who were going South, mainly from prisons from which they had escaped. Doctor Mudd was not a part of the kidnap conspiracy but he would give help to anyone who needed it and so it was known that if the seaman came to Mudd's he would be allowed to wait

there and be fed in the meantime.

I have always wondered just what happened in the presidents box in Ford's theatre that night. Booth was not supposed to be actively involved in the plot. He was to help by smoothing the movements at the theatre and was the man in charge of the plot at the theatre. Once the president went to his carriage Wilkes planned to go to the alley in the rear of the theatre, mount his waiting horse and set out for Benedicts. He had already sent his clothes and personal possessions to the Bahamas. He had arranged for extensive bank credits in England. He planned to go to England and in about a year, Izola and his daughter would join him there. I was to assist his wife in arranging for the shipment of the gold and silver out of the country. I was to have one-third.

Things did not go as planned. The first thing which went wrong was that the men from Maryland who were to pose as soldiers, got drunk and did not appear at the appointed hour. Then the Major did not appear at Ford's as he was supposed to do. Finally, the other officer who was at Ford's lost his nerve after so much had gone awry and refused to go through with it. He went berserk when Booth told him that they would proceed and then he attacked Wilkes with a knife. This much I know.

Beyond this point I do not know what happened but I do know that the popular version of the deed is far from correct. At any rate, Wilkes ended up on the stage with a broken leg and the story from there to Dr Mudd's is about correct. The story of the arrest of Mrs. Surratt, Dr. Mudd, Sam Arnold, myself, and others is well known. Our treatment is somewhat known but no human being can ever realize the terrible inhumanities we suffered. I would not attempt to describe them for they only bring back the terrible nightmares which have possessed me for many years.

Dr. Mudd, Sam Arnold, Spangler and I were transferred to Fort Jefferson on Dry Tortugas for what was supposed to be the rest of our lives.. This was not expected to be for very long for few lasted more than five years on that Hellish island. I was placed in a cubicle which was about 2 feet by 2 feet by 5 feet. This was made of bricks with stone floor and a wooden door and no window. It was completely dark and during the day, as hot as the hinges of Hell. During the night it was rather cool. But with the rising of the sun it became an oven again. Once a week I was

taken out of this hole and taken to the sickbay where I was examined by the doctor or a hospital steward, allowed to eat one meal of meat, potato and bread and I was then taken back to my dungeon. This procedure took exactly one hour and during this time no one spoke one word to me. I could talk but no one answered. I was not allowed to wash or shave but I was allowed to change clothes. Since I had no place to go, my clothes contained my excrement. The cubicle was too small for me to remove my clothes. I was fed once daily; I was given a piece of bread, and a cup of water (about one pint).

I do not know how long I was in this hell-hole but it seemed like ages. One day I was taken from the cubicle and to the sick-bay but when I got there there was only one man there. He was well dressed and on the table was a fine meal consisting of meat, cheese, and green vegetables, and beside it was a cup of coffee. I could not believe my eyes and thought that I was irrational (which I partly was.) The man spoke to me !!! He said, "Sit down and eat. I want to talk to you."

The man was W. G. Pollock and he asked me if I knew where Booth had hidden the gold which he had. He said that if I would help him get the gold that he would see that I got out of prison. He said that he knew about Booth's wife but that she was no help. They had been watching her but she was of no help. They knew that she could find the gold but as long as they watched her she would not get it.

I knew that if I helped him I would probably not live to tell about it but as dazed as I was I realized that death would be better than staying where I was. Many things can be worse than death.

I told him that I could not and indeed would not help him so long as I was in prison. If he would get me out I would give my word that I would get the gold for 10% of it. He agreed and told me that he would return in about a week. In the meantime, I would be kept in a special room to myself and I would be reported as sick. From that time on I was treated well, allowed to bathe and shave, and on the third day I was given a sedative. I remember practically nothing beyond that point until I awoke in New Orleans some time later, October 5, 1867. I was in a clean bed and had a nurse with me. I was very weak and when given a mirror, I saw that I was as yellow as an oriental. I was told that it was a dye and that I had been reported as

having died of Yellow Fever since the island was having an epidemic of that disease at the time.

A week later, on October 12, 1867, Pollock again visited me. I was feeling much better and was able to eat and was gaining weight. I was outfitted with clothes and luggage and made to look like the proper gentleman. The following day we left for Baltimore, arriving there on December 3. I had assumed the identity of John Henry Stevenson, a name which I had used before my arrest to some small degree. I was covered by the fact that Michael O'Laughlin was dead. I had my hair cut and my whiskers trimmed differently so that there would be no chance recognition by anyone in Baltimore. Pollock gave me the address of Izola Booth and I took a room about three blocks away. Pollock had Izola under constant survey and now I too was constantly watched. It was obvious that Pollock did not trust us. Three days after I moved into my room I went to visit Izola. She was not in so I left my card. I wrote on it that it was necessary to see her. I signed it "J. Stevenson" and left it with a lady who was there. I told her that I would return that night.

I then returned to my room, stopping by a saloon long enough to buy a bottle of whiskey. When I got to my room I made a big pretense of drinking myself to sleep. I poured about half of the contents of the bottle out and settled into my bed, taking care to snore like a drunken man. Within about half an hour the door opened and Pollock and another man came into my room. They completely searched the room, and took care to go through all my clothes and luggage. Then they left.

After they had left, I arose, dressed, and stuffed blankets into my bed so that it would appear occupied, and left by way of the window. I went back to Izola's house and entered the second floor by means of an unlocked window. I came down the stairs and almost scared the colored woman to death. She was about to run a hair pin into me when I made her understand that I wanted to talk to Mrs. Booth. She said, "Them that sneaks around in this world like you does ain't up to no good." This was "Aunt Sarah" Johnson, a really loyal and intelligent African who many times risked her life for Izola Booth and her family. Her son was Booths valet (I believe that his name was James).

I talked with Izola for several hours. She was amazed to learn that I was alive and

out of prison. She pressed me for the details of my escape and of plans for the future. I told her that I would like to help her get the money from the farm in Virginia, and that then I planned to go to Europe to live. It was then that she told me that Booth was not dead. She said that after the assassination that Wilkes had come to the farm and had recuperated from the broken leg. He had then left with his negro valet and another man and made his way to Canada. From there she did not know where he went but she had heard from him in September. He had planned to ^{meet} ~~meet~~ her in San ^{Francisco} in the spring. He wanted her to meet him there with the money. We agreed to go to the farm and get it and then I would accompany her to San Francisco. This would take me far away from Pollock and give me a new start. We agreed on a plan. I would call on Izola the following day and take her out to dine. We would make plans while Pollocks men overheard us. We would plan to go to New York while really planning to go to California. In our New York plans we set the date of January 5, but on the evening of December 23 it began to snow quite heavily and so that night at about 10 o'clock I brought 2 excellent saddle horses into the alley at the rear of Izola's house. I had retired after dinner to my room with a bottle an apparent habit I had established for the benefit of Pollock's detectives, and he had reason to believe that I was drunk and settled for the night. At 10:30 Izola, who was dressed as a boy, and I on horseback, made our way out Frederick Road in a blinding snow storm. We took with us just enough clothes to last us until we could get the money from the farm and catch the train west. We were both leaving our past behind us. Izola had left her daughter with Aunt Sarah, who would follow later by way of Boston. We had with us about \$1500 in gold coin and greenbacks. It would provide the means of transportation for ourselves and the gold. By five in the morning we had gotten to Ellicott's Mills in Howard County. The going was so rough that by now the horses could hardly keep their footing. We came to an Inn and we turned into the stable. I rubbed the horses down good and gave them oats. By this time the innkeeper was up and "Johnny" (Izola's new name as a boy) and I had breakfast. The storm was still going strong so we rested the whole day. By nightfall the snow had stopped and carriages were beginning to break the trail. I told the innkeeper how we had to get to Cumberland before the end of the week and therefore my

"son" and I would have to press on through most of the night. He gave me the name of an inn at Hancock where we could get lodging the next night. I thanked him and we left. It was hard on Izola but she was spunky about it. We knew that it was only a matter of time before Pollock discovered that we were gone and started tracking us. Within several days he was bound to find out which way we had gone and be after us.

I had made a serious mistake in the selection of horses. I knew that I would have to have good horses for the coming month or so and I therefore bought 2 of the best that I could find. They were such excellent horses that wherever we went, anyone who knew anything of horseflesh remembered them. Everyone commented about what beautiful chestnuts we had. I soon began to realize that this was definitely in Pollocks favor. We arrived in Frederick on Saturday evening and both of us were exhausted. We got a room and spent Saturday night and Sunday resting. On Monday I bought a two-horse spring wagon with harness and by nine o'clock Joe and I were on the road to Harper's Ferry. The roads were clear but somewhat muddy in the morning but by noon the weather turned cold and the mud froze. Just about dark, it began to snow again. We kept going and arrived at the farm just about daylight on Tuesday. We stabled the horses and fed them. Then we settled down in the back of the wagon and slept until dark. When we awoke I fixed a fire in the small hearth in the carriage house and prepared some food. Izola was practically exhausted from the rigors of the past few days. I was only three months away from the gruelling torments of prison and I was aching in every joint and muscle but we had to keep going if we were to escape Pollock and his men. Now, for the first time, I felt that we were safe for a while. Pollock could not have known about the farm or he would have searched there. Booth had never titled the farm in his real name for he wanted no one to know about it, nor about Izola for that matter, and they had used nom-de-plume while there. There were no close neighbors and people in that part of the country left others alone for the most part. It is doubtful whether anyone knew that the actor Booth ever had a home in their midst.

I found two large steamer trunks in the smoke house. I removed them into the carriage house and began to take the trivia from them. I saw that there were many letter from

and to Booth in them; letters from Wilkes to Izola and letters from other women to Wilkes. I tried to conceal the letters to Wilkes from her but she just smiled and said, "I know about them. I know what kind of man he is but I love him and would rather share him than not have him at all." We burned all the contents of both trunks. Izola then told me where to find the money. There was a leather saddlebag secreted in the wall behind a closet in the top floor room on the North side of the main house. I went into the house and soon found the closet. I broke the wall open and found the bag. In it were Treasury Bonds. There were bundles of them, all in thousand denominations. They looked new. I took them to the carriage house. Next, there were gold coins. They were sewn up in sail-cloth bags and buried under the kitchen. I took a shovel to the house and began to dig. I soon found several bags of gold coins. I carried two bags to the carriage house and as I turned to leave I fainted. When I awoke Izola had me wrapped in blankets and a large fire going in the hearth, but I was still in a raging chill. I seemed to have a very high fever and was very weak and ill. For three days and nights I was sick and then I began to recover. My fever had left me weak and depleted. Izola nursed me back to health in a most amazing fashion. It had begun to snow again and a raging blizzard was in progress most of the time that I was sick. Food had begun to get short and so she had improvised. She made oat gruel from the oats we had brought for the horses. She made the meat go farther than planned by making stews and soup. She had found some potatoes in the root cellar. By the end of the week I again felt like starting with the chore of assembling the gold coins into the trunks for shipment. It was still snowing intermittantly and there were huge drifts across fields and roads. I brought bags of gold coins to the carriage house and then packed them into the trunks. There were also silver coins but I did not pack them so long as there was gold. I was amazed at the quantity of gold and silver coins of all sizes and nationalities which we found. I soon had the trunks so heavily loaded that I could not load them onto the wagon and then I had to unload them of their contents, get them onto the wagon and reload them with the coins. We soon became aware of another problem. No matter how we packed the coins, if the trunk was delivered a quick blow of even slight pressure, the coins would jangle. We tried many ways and

were unable to overcome this problem. I finally became aware of one certainty, I would have to repack the coins in some manner so as to do away with the jingle. I finally came to the conclusion that the safest was to melt them down. This not only changed the nature of the coins, but it also took away the jingle.

The following morning I took several bags of gold coins to the blacksmith shop and started a fire in the forge. I then discovered that the bellows were damaged. I used my raincoat to repair the damage. I found an iron pot in which I melted the coins. I made up dirt molds from a pattern that I whittled out of wood. The bars when cast weighed about 20 pounds each. During the next several days I cast the gold coins into bars. These I packed into the trunks, wrapped the canvas from the bags around them. I could not get all of the bars into the trunks and had to bury them. I soon realized that there was a fortune in gold and silver here, not to mention the bonds and currency. To this day I cannot imagine where it all came from.

By this time it had stopped snowing and it was the middle of February. I had gone in to Halltown to the store for supplies. I had ridden one of the horses and one of the local loafers which always congregate around a country store remarked what a beautiful horse I was riding and began to ask questions about which way I came and other things. I made the answers as general as possible for fear that Pollock would eventually inquire in this area and might find where we had been. When the fellow became uncomfortably inquisitive, I made up a story of being interested in trapping in the area. I even bought some traps which the store owner had hanging there. I finally made it out of the store and back to the farm. Naturally, I left heavy tracks in the snow and it would have been a simple chore for anyone interested to have tracked me back there. I therefore became anxious to get away from the farm.

I was unable to take nearly all of the gold and none of the silver. The only thing was to hide it. This I did. I removed the boards from the feed room in the carriage house and dug a hole. I put into this hole all of the silver coins which I had dug up and the gold coins which I had not melted. I buried the gold bars under the stall in the blacksmith shop. I did not know if I would ever be able or would need to return for the remaining riches which we were leaving behind. Izola and I discussed the possibility of getting a larger wagon so that we could take all of the stuff but we finally decided

that by taking only a slice of the loaf that we might have the chance to enjoy the sandwich whereas if we waited, every minute courted disaster. Pollock was bound to find us if we tarried. It had been almost 2 months since we had left Baltimore and we had been blessed with terrible weather which made finding us almost impossible, but with the thaw which would come would come detection unless we were well on our way to California. The next morning we left the farm at daybreak. Our wagon was loaded with two steamer trunks of large proportions and the springs were greatly depressed. The horses at times had difficulty pulling it when we struck snow drifts. We planned to catch the train at Harpers Ferry but when we got within sight of the station there were several horses tied up to the rail and we saw men inside talking with the ticket agent and they had that look of detectives. We decided to go into Frederick and not to tarry. We spent the night at an Inn about 10 miles from Frederick. In the morning when I went out to hitch up the team the stable man commented on how heavy the trunks were. He remarked that I must have gold in those trunks and then he laughed. I had the hardest time laughing with him for in spite of my action I knew that if one of Pollocks men would ask him he would remember the incident. We loaded our bags onto the train at Frederick without detection. On arriving at Frederick I discovered that the schedules were such as to be entirely impractical for our use, and so we continued on North to Harrisburg.

The weather had turned warm and the sun came out bright. It made the trip less rigorous but at the same time the more difficult. When we reached the ford across the Monarcy River I could see that the stream had swollen. It was still passible but the approaches were muddy and with the thin wheeled wagon and the extremely heavy load, it began to cut into the mud. By the time we had reached the middle of the stream we were mired in so that the horses could not move the wagon. I realized that we would have to lighten the load. I stepped into the freezing water and picked Izola from the seat. I carried her to the shore and went back to lead the team out. They still could not pull it. I quickly decided to sacrifice the butter from the slice of bread as I opened the back trunk and began to remove gold bars. I threw them over into deep water and did not look back as they sank from sight. I do not know how much I had taken out, perhaps 12 or even more, when I shouted to the horses and they started forward. I push-

ed with all my might and the wagon moved out of the stream. I closed the trunk and we drove off. I was soaked and chilled to the bone and we had a long trip ahead of us. We continued on for 10 miles or more before I dared stop and build a fire. By the time I did I was so thoroughly chilled that my fever had returned. And so we then went on for several miles more to an Inn where we acquired a room. I became very febrile and delirious during the night and Izola had her hands full. I tried to leave the room without clothes and she had to call the innkeeper. When he saw her he realized that she was a woman and not a boy. He became quite upset and threatened to put us out. She then told him a story about how her father was a mountain man in West Virginia and how we had run off to be married. She withdrew the marriage licence which we had gotten for just such an occasion. I had forged the ministers name and Aunt Sarah had written in an illegible hand as witness. The innkeeper was touched and helped her subdue me. He even sent his wife up with some medicine which put me to sleep.

When I awoke the next morning I felt terrible and was unable to arise, For three days and nights we stayed there until I was able to travel. At the end of that time I knew that we must be gone or we were courting certain detection. Early in the morning we left the inn with the promise of the innkeeper and his wife that we would write to them from Boston and tell them how we were doing. They also promised that they would greatly mislead any detectives who came looking. I have always wondered if they ever realized that West Virginia mountain men do not send detectives to bring back errant daughters. We arrived in Harrisburg several days later and got our tickets west. Our trunks weighed in at about 600 pounds, much to the surprise of the station man. He said, "Mister, you must have gold in them trunks." To which I replied, "Mister, they got lots of gold in California. The thing that they need and don't have is books. I aim to trade books for gold. I'll have trunks of gold when I come back." We both laughed and he said, "Danged if I don't think you will."

We arrived in San Francisco on April 18th. The trip had been hard on both of us and we needed rest badly. Izola was now dressed as the lady she was and we were traveling as man and wife. We took a room in one of the best hotels in San Francisco and prepared to make contact with J. B. Wilkes, as Wilkes was known. We placed an ad in the personal

column which read "Johns come home , your mother is ill." This was the signal that we had arrived. The next day a messenger brought a note which gave directions on how to contact him. I suddenly became aware of the fact that I did not want Izola to go. I did not want to see Wilkes for by this time I loathed him, first for getting me involved in a thing which put me through the terrible ordeal which I had suffered, and secondly, because I did not want to give up Izola to him. He did not love her but only wanted the gold and money which she brought and for the first time, I admitted that I did indeed love her. She was beautiful and wonderful and the past months, although rigorous, had been bearable because of her. She had nursed me through the terrible fevers that I had and had restored me to health again. She had furnished the encouragement without which I would have given up and despaired.

I then suggested to Izola that we send half of the gold to Wilkes and go north with the rest. She was understanding but said, "No." She still loved him in spite of everything. And as she went to meet him. I took one third of the gold from the trunks and packed it into wooden boxes and prepared to go north to Sacramento. I purchased a two horse team and a spring wagon and when she returned I told her what I planned to do. She kissed me goodbye and took a package from her bag. She handed it to me and later when I opened it, I found it contained \$20,000 in greenbacks. I left San Francisco at about noon and arrived in Sacramento two days later.

I took a room in Sacramento and rested for several weeks. The boxes of gold were under my bed and no one paid any mind since strangers were always plentiful in California and it was never healthy to ask too many questions about anyone's background. I loved the beauties of California and especially Sacramento. I rode out of Sacramento each morning by a different route and just rode and looked at the beautiful country. One day I rode up to a smelter and began to talk to one of the workers. He told me that the establishment was for sale. I talked to the foreman and discovered that the owner had died and that the bank held a note against the business. I got as many details as possible and then rode into town. A smelter would be just perfect for the disposal of the gold bars that I had under my bed.

I went to the bank and found that the price was \$6,000. I bought it. I knew nothing

about the smelting business but the foreman named Jim Frye knew how to run a smelter. Frye was as loyal as the pay and he knew the business as none else in those parts. I was now in a business which paid me about \$500 profits each month, and I had time to visit the bars and gambling houses of Sacramento and live a life of real luxury.

I was good at cards and made a handsome profit from my gambling activities.

One day I took the boxes of gold bars from under my bed and hauled them up to the smelter. I unloaded them and took them into the office. When Frye came in he looked at them and smiled. "Where did you get the coin metal?" he asked. I was amazed. He had recognized it immediately. I stammered that I bought it from someone and Frye just smiled. He never said anything about it again but he knew that I hadn't bought that gold. Within two weeks he had run it through the smelter and off to the bank with never a word. Frye was a loyal man and honest. He had been a Major in the Confederate army but he never spoke of it. I once saw a picture of him in his uniform. He kept it in his room and on one occasion I went to his room to talk with him. He also had a picture of a lovely lady inscribed "To Jim, from his loving wife Julia." I don't know what became of his wife, I never heard him mention her.

I made friends in the banking and social circles of Sacramento and I was amassing a sizable fortune. I had been in Sacramento for about 10 months when there was a man came around to all the smelters seeking to buy gold on contract at a fixed price and the entire output of the smelter. He was seeking to pay in greenbacks at a rate somewhat above the current rate. I talked with a friend who knew the gold business completely. His name was Frank Bailey and he said that it appeared to be someone planning to corner the gold market. He advised that I not only not sign a contract but that I form a syndicate to hold the entire output of the smelter until the price rose. We consulted several other men of means and finally decided to follow his advice. Bailey acted as agent for the other friends and Frye and I and Bailey all went in on thirds.

Frye had considerable savings as did I, and Bailey used the money of his friends. We realized that the manipulations would probably be in the East and so it was necessary to have the gold someplace where it could be readily sold in the East. Through contacts in New York, Bailey found out that there was going to be an attempt to buy up

gold in New York and that the government of President Grant had promised to remain aloof to the manipulations. At the same time there were men in California who were planning to buy up gold on contract so as to use the incident for speculation. Bailey, Frye, and I decided to ship what gold we had to Baltimore, and so in July, Frye left with a little over 8000 ounces of .999 fine gold. He wired that he had sold the gold for a quarter of a million dollar profit on September 26, 1869. My luck had held and I was a wealthy man. On October 5th I received a letter from Izola. She was in San Francisco and needed help. I took the next stage there and found her ill, destitute and without money. She seemed dazed and so very thin and wan. I brought her to Sacramento several days later. I bought a house and moved her into it. It was a beautiful home and I hoped that we could resume our life as man and wife. She seemed so far away and so dazed. She hardly ate at all and she just sat and stared out of the window. It was several weeks before she would show any interest in anything. One night she had a nightmare. I heard her screaming and went to her. She sobbed uncontrollably in my arms and then she told me a most incredibly story.

She had met Booth aboard a ship in the harbor of San Francisco. Seamen were sent to bring the trunks to the ship and they sailed immediately. The master was Captain Scott and the ship, the Indian Queen. She was a Brig and quite seaworthy with a good captain, since I knew him well from my days in Baltimore. The ship was about 200 tons burthen and came from Nova Scotia. They sailed with the tide on April 21, 1868. They went west and south and the voyage was wonderful for the Booths. After many months there was a mutiny and Booth and Captain Scott were both killed by the crew. Izola was put adrift in a whaleboat and was later picked up by a British ship. The ship had brought her to San Francisco.

After she had told me this she began to eat better but she was not the same as before. She asked me to take her to Baltimore so that she could see her daughter. I agreed reluctantly. I told her that we could bring her daughter to California and be a happy family, but she would not agree. I wanted to come to Baltimore by ship but she said she could not stand to go that way, and then she told me that she was going to have a baby. I cleared up my business as quickly as possible and, leaving the smelter in the hands of Frye and my other business in the hands of Bailey, I made provisions to bring

Izola home to the East. We arrived in Baltimore just before Christmas and Izola gave birth to a son on February 22, 1870. We gave him my name which I had chosen, John Harry Stevenson. In ^{Later} ~~After~~ years he went by the name of Harry Jerome for both he and his mother shied away from the name "John", particularly since he bore such a resemblance to his father, JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

After the birth of Harry, I took a back seat in the life of Izola. We seemed to quarrel whenever we were together and so I moved to Boston. I was reasonably well off and I received regular amounts from my investments in California. And then one day I received a letter from Frye. It told me that I had nothing in California any more. It seemed as though Bailey's "friends" did not exist. He had embezzled money from the bank and had pyramided it into a fortune. He had then invested not too wisely and had finally lost heavily. His creditors closed in and he had taken money from my accounts and the smelter to make up his losses. Finally, in 1874 his past had caught up with him and he shot himself. My income from California stopped and I never heard from Frye again. I understand that Frye went on to become a millionaire. I have often wondered if Frye was completely honest or if he stole my smelter and blamed Bailey. One will never know. It was just before Christmas in 1878 that I felt compelled to leave the East. I was at the time living with friends in Doylestown, Pennsylvania. They had been most gracious to me since I had become afflicted with dropsy in 1877. I had come to love both ladies, not as lovers but as friends, and they found me a welcome addition to their household. I wished before going to their farm in the west, to see Harry Stevenson and let him know that I was not really his father. Harry had been disappointed by me on several occasions and I wanted him to know that it could not be helped. I made arrangements to meet him at Delmonico's in New York for breakfast one morning and I said goodbye and told him who his father was. He then told me that he had known since reading the diary of his mother. He told me that his mother wrote in her diary that the crew of the ship had mutinied in order to get the gold. They had killed Captain Scott and when they put her adrift, she had seen Booth lying face down on the deck and covered with blood. She knew that he was dead. Sometime later in the mid 70's Harry had talked with a Mr. Purdy who had mentioned that John B. Wilkes had written a letter

to someone in the theatre and that the handwriting had looked amazingly like Booths. Harry believed that Booth had not died on that ship. I do not know nor do I really care. Booth never gave me anything but grief and heartaches. Before Izola went to San Francisco to meet him she was warm and tender to me and showed me passion as no other woman had ever done. After she returned she was dead inside. She had lost her entire spirit. She was only half a woman. For this I could never forgive him. I know that there are many who, if they read this garbled missive will say that I am a fraud. They will be right, but not because of what I write but of what I did. The world would have been better off had I never been born but born I was and die I shall, and judged shall we all be. I have many times atoned for the many sins that I have committed and I know that I have been promised forgiveness. If being sorry helps then I am assured relief.

There is much that I could relate but it would do no good. I am not bitter and go to my reward willingly since my life has been difficult and I am so sorry.

October 15, 1886

Mr. Stevenson died at 5:35 A.M. on June 23, 1890 at the farm of Misses Emma and Elmira Brandt in Muscatine County, Iowa. He had been ill for such a long time and he longed so for death. He was buried in a small plot which he had picked out himself. It overlooked the Mississippi River and gave a beautiful view. I have visited his grave almost daily since his passing and a headstone has been erected. It reads:

JOHN HENRY STEVENSON
1838-1890

His coming made the world a little richer,
His being here made the world a little brighter,
His passing made the world a little sadder,
His memory lingers to give us comfort.

Lottie Eaton

